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FRENCH POETRY IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

According to most of the critics who have dealt with the history of the Romantic Movement in French Literature, the French poetry of the nineteenth century began with the period—and, indeed, with the verse—of André Chénier. Several among the Romantic poets themselves, Sainte-Beuve, for instance, and Théodore de Banville, were of the same opinion. No greater error could be made. It is because André Chénier was a great poet, and, above all, a great artist—as Racine and Ronsard were artists—that he is so clearly distinguished from all the versifiers of his time, from Lebrun and Delille, from Roucher (with whom he is so often associated for no better reason than that they two mounted the scaffold on the same day of the Terror), and from the Chevalier de Parny, too. He had not even one of the characteristics of the Romantic School. His “*Elégies*” breathe the ardent, yet exquisite, sensuousness of his age, but in his “*Idylles*” one finds again the classic, the contemporary of Ronsard, the pagan, the Alexandrian, the pupil of Callimachus and of Theocritus. It must be noted, too, that his “*Poésies*,” of which, for more than twenty-five years, only scattered fragments were known, were not published until 1819; and their influence may be traced in

the first “*Poèmes*” of Alfred de Vigny, which appeared in 1822, but not in the first “*Odes*” of Victor Hugo, also published in 1822, nor yet in “*Premières Méditations*” of Lamartine, which bear the date 1820. The truth is that at the very source of nineteenth-century French Poetry one finds the inspiring influence of two great prose writers, and of one woman of genius: the author of the “*Confessions*,” Jean-Jacques Rousseau; the author of the “*Génie du Christianisme*,” Chateaubriand; and the author—too often forgotten—of “*L’Allemagne*,” Mme. de Staël. Rousseau had freed the Ego from the dungeon in which, for two centuries, it had been confined, victim of a tradition founded upon an essentially *social* conception of the literary art. Through all these two hundred years neither the Salons nor the Court, which made and unmade the literary reputations of the period, would permit a writer to talk about himself, his love affairs or his domestic life. The privilege of that freedom was accorded only to those who wrote a volume of *Memoirs*, or compiled a selection of letters, and the canon held that even this measure of liberty could be extended only to cases of posthumous publication. Rousseau—whose whole literary product was a prolonged per-

sonal confidence, whose features appeared through the meshes of a veil so transparent that it was no more than a literary convention—broke away from this tradition, and opened again to the world one of the most important and profound sources of truly great poetry; a source not the less important because it is neither the most abundant nor the purest.

Chateaubriand did even more. He was a traveller, and he restored the perception of nature, of animation, of color, to a literary period cramped by the narrow routine of fashion—to a people who knew nature only as it appeared on the trim terraces of Versailles and of Fontainebleau, who, if they did not altogether forget that nature existed, at any rate ignored it, and kept their gaze narrowly fixed upon the moral and intellectual aspects of human life. A historian, as well as a traveller, Chateaubriand aroused his contemporaries to an appreciation of the difference between one age and another; he showed them how the man of one century departs from the type of a previous century; he emphasized the contrast between a feudal baron and a courtier of Louis XV. He was a Christian, too, and he informed the art of his time with the religious sentiment which had been lacking in the eighteenth century poets—a deficiency which made their creations the more definite and clearly cut, but left them always dry and hard.

To Mme. de Staël we owe, in turn, the last stage of this gradual transformation. Our poets needed a fresh inspiration, and she supplied it when she gave them her "*Littératures du Nord*." It cannot, indeed, be said that Lamartine, Hugo, or Vigny imitated Goethe or Byron, and her achievement may, perhaps, be more justly defined if one says that she enlarged the skies of France, and tempted the wings of our poets to a broader flight, beyond our

frontiers, towards new horizons which she first rose high enough to see. A new inquiry, a new curiosity, shone in our eyes. We began to doubt if the old ideals were the only ideals. Fresh processes added themselves to our habits of intellectual investigation, new elements came, silently as the dews, to our spiritual soil. There awaited new poets, if they should arise, a liberty which had been denied to their predecessors; the taste of the people, the conditions of the age, were ready for the literary revolution, which even a genius could hardly have accomplished without the co-operation of his environment.

In these conditions lie the secret of the success achieved by Lamartine's first "*Méditations*," a success which bears to the history of our lyric poetry the same relation that the success of the "*Cid*" or of "*Andromaque*" bears to the history of the French stage. But the "*Méditations*" gave rise to no such controversy as that which marked the days of "*Andromaque*" or of the "*Cid*;" opinion was unanimous in recognizing the poet, and when the "*Nouvelles Méditations*," the "*Morte de Socrate*," the "*Dernier Chant du Pèlerinage de Childe Harold*," the "*Harmonies Poétiques*" were, between 1820 and 1830, added to the "*Méditations*," the most obstinate of the classics were forced to acknowledge that a new school of poetry had been born to France. The "*Poésies*" of Alfred de Vigny, published in 1822, and republished in 1826; the "*Odes*" of Victor Hugo in 1822, followed by his "*Ballades*" in 1824, and by his "*Orientales*" in 1829, soon gave firmness of definition to the essential quality of the new school.

These three great poets had much in common, notwithstanding the originality which distinguished each of them from his two fellows; Lamartine, the more pure, more harmonious, more vague; Hugo, the more precise, more

imbued with color, more sonorous, the more barbaric to the French ear; and Vigny, more delicate, more elegant and mystical, but whose note was less sustained. It may be that all three had masters among their predecessors of the nineteenth century—Lamartine in the person of Parny, and in Millevoye, too; Hugo in Fontanes, in Lebrun, and in Jean-Baptiste Rousseau; Vigny in Chénier; but their originality becomes apparent when one compares them with the survivors of the pseudo-classic epoch, such as Casimir Delavigne with his "Messéniennes," or Béranger in his "Chansons." A perspicacious critic might perhaps, have foreseen that all three of them would soon diverge upon separate paths—Lamartine becoming more the idealist, Hugo more the realist, Vigny already more the "philosopher;" but for the moment, between 1820 and 1830, they formed a group, if not precisely a school, and it is that group which we must endeavor to describe.

It must first be noted that no one of them belonged to the party which was then called the "Liberals," the party of Benjamin Constant or of Manuel. They were all three "royalists," extremists in their royalism, and they were of the Catholic party too—the party of Joseph de Maistre, of Bonald, and of Lamennais. Hugo was, even at that time, the most absolute, the most uncompromising of the three; horror and hatred of the Revolution is nowhere more energetically declared than in his first poems, "Les Vierges de Verdun," "Quiberon," "Bonaparte." Their devoutness is as sincere and as ardent as their royalism; and it colors all their ideas, as the religiosity of their master, Chateaubriand, colored all his. Their conception of Love is a *religious* conception; it is from the *religious* point of view that they admire God's work in the domain of Nature; and their conception of the poet's function is again

religious. Their religion is not always very lasting, nor very firmly grounded upon reason, nor is it even altogether orthodox. Lamartine's piety evaporates in a sort of Hindu pantheism; Hugo glides insensibly from Christianity to Voltairianism; Vigny, from year to year, progresses towards a pessimism not greatly unlike that of Schopenhauer. These changes, however, come later, and in the meantime the beginning of nineteenth-century French poetry is marked by a permeation—even by an exaltation—of religious sentiment.

This body of verse is, furthermore, personal or individual; the poet himself supplies not only the occasion of his verse, but its purpose, its habitual subject matter. A French ode and even an elegy had, up to that time, been always of the broadest origin, built upon generalizations, abstractions, which the poet, in the process of elaboration, sedulously deprived of any particularity his premises might have possessed. Any one copy of verse resembled every other. There is no reason why an elegy of Chénier's should not have been Parny's instead; and if the printer had put Lebrun's name on the title-page of a volume of odes by Lefranc de Pompignan, the poets themselves would hardly have perceived the error. The "Méditations" of Lamartine, the "Poèmes" of Vigny, the "Orientales" of Hugo are, on the other hand, no more than metrical journals of the poet's daily impressions. Lamartine spends an hour on the Lake of Bourget, accompanied by the woman he loves, the Elvire of the "Méditations," and he writes "Le Lac;" he passes Holy Week at the house of a friend, and writes the "Semaine Sainte à la Roche Guyon." Vigny is interested by a paragraph in the *Journal des Débats* of July 18, 1822, and he finds the pretext for the "Trappiste." As for Victor Hugo, the mere titles of his

"Orientales"—"Canaris," "Les Têtes du Sérail," "Navarin," show their close relation to what we call nowadays "actuality." There are, no doubt, distinctions to be made; Vigny is, of the three, the most objective in his attitude, the most epic, one is almost tempted to say, in his "Eloa," or in "Moïse." Victor Hugo often loses the sense of his own personality when he is confronted by something that seems very real to him; in the "Feu du Ciel," in the "Djinns," in "Mazeppa," he is borne out of himself not only by his pictorial instinct, but by the current of a word-flow so ample that it betrays the rhetorician. Lamartine himself, the most subjective of the three, has here and there a dissertation—in his "Immortalité," for instance—or a paraphrase, as in his "Chant d'Amour," which overruns the narrow limits of personal poetry. Yet, after all is said, every one of them found his inspiration in himself, his emotions, his recollections. The suggestion of the moment guides them. Whether it is Bonaparte dying at St. Helena in 1821, or Charles X receiving the crown at Reims in 1825, these poets confide to us their own impressions. It is not the inherent and intrinsic beauty of the subject that provokes their song, but the subject's suitability to the especial character of the poet's genius. More precisely yet, the subject is a mere pretext for the disclosure of the poet's point of view, the confession of his own fashion of feeling. It is this, and nothing else, that one means when one formulates the second characteristic of Romantic Poetry as opposed to Classic Poetry: its dominant *personality or individuality*.

A third and last characteristic springs from this second: the *freedom or novelty* of the Romantic School. "Let us set new thoughts to the old rhymes," said André Chénier, in a line which has preserved its fame—a line often overpraised for that matter. The Roman-

tic poets, better inspired, perceived that these "new thoughts" could only be expressed in the terms of an art as novel, and it is that renovation of style and metre for which they have been most admired. Vigny shows more precocity, more seeking after words, more embarrassment in his manipulation of rhythm, and for that reason is far less varied. His French, too, is less rich and less abundant. Lamartine's is not always very novel, nor yet very correct. This great poet was a careless writer; and yet his liquidity is incomparable; the form of his verse is faultlessly classic, and not even Racine found more exquisite associations of sound. Victor Hugo unquestionably shares with Ronsard the pinnacle of eminence as a creator of rhythms; and his French, somewhat commonplace in his earlier work, in the first "Odes" had attained, at the time of the "Orientales," a freedom, a vigor, an originality which may, with truth, be described as democratic. No one, certainly, did more than he to abolish the old distinction between the Grand French and the Familiar French—to put, as he said, "the Cap of Liberty on the head of the aged Dictionary." It was in this fashion that these three poets, unaided, shook off the yoke of the eighteenth-century grammarians; restored to words their pictorial value as mediums of expression or of description; and freed French verse from the shackles which prevented its yielding to the requirements of the poet. There is no poetry without music, no music without movement, and movement was precisely what the French alexandrine lacked.

These being, then, the three essential and original characteristics of eighteenth-century French poetry when it first took definite shape, it may be said that its history, from that time, has been the history of a conflict between the three. Their strife is still unsettled. Is the poet to be only an artist, looking

down, from the height of his "ivory tower," at the fruitless bustle of his fellow-men? Is he to be a thinker? Or is he to turn aside from philosophy as well as from aesthetics, and be only a "sonorous echo" indifferently stirred by all the vibrations of the air? Or should he try only to be himself?

Before tracing the successive stages of the unending struggle, it is due alike to the decorum of chronology and to literary justice that one should say a word about the author—popular, and even famous, for a moment—of the "Iambes:" Auguste Barbier. His lot was that of a middle-class Parisian, and when he had sung his brief song he fell back into his dull routine, and survived himself for nearly fifty years, never again finding the poet that was in him. Yet three or four of his "Iambes," such as the "Curée," the "Popularité," the "Idole," are among the masterpieces of French satire. I do not know, indeed, where one can more distinctly perceive the affinity, more clearly trace the consanguinity, between lyric and satiric verse; and the "Iambes" contain two or three of the most beautiful similes in all French poetry. That is, in itself, something, from the point of view of art. But it is a reason, too, for regretting that even in these few pieces there is a twang of vulgarity which debars Barbier from the rank of a true poet. No such fault is to be found in the other three men who are with him, the most illustrious representatives of the second generation of Romantic poets: Sainte-Beuve, Alfred de Musset, and Théophile Gautier.

Personal poetry is triumphant in the persons of the two first—Sainte-Beuve, whose "Confessions de Joseph Delorme" appeared in 1829, to be followed in 1831 by "Consolations;" and Alfred de Musset, whose "Premières Poésies" saw the light between 1830 and 1832. Here are two poets who occupy them-

selves solely with themselves; tell us only of themselves, their predilections, their desires, their dreams of personal happiness. Nor is this the limit of their subjectiveness: Lamartine and Hugo chose, for expression in their verses, those of their impressions which seemed to them to be most general, those which they thought would have been shared by their contemporaries: Sainte-Beuve, on the contrary, in the "Confessions de Joseph Delorme," turns away from this very class of impressions, and devotes himself only to the observation, the analysis and the expression of that which he believes to be exclusively his own, that which distinguishes and differentiates him from other men. In this respect and for this reason, the "Confessions de Joseph Delorme" is morbid poetry, almost pathological. It seems the work of a neurasthenic or a neurotic. Add to this that Sainte-Beuve displays, as an artist and as a versifier, refinements and elaborate researches, of which the restless subtlety is equalled only by the utter ineffectiveness. These elaborations escape the unaided eye; they can be appreciated only when one is cautioned to look closely for them. It is in quite another fashion that Musset is "personal;" he displayed another sort of affectation; he is foppish, he is ultra-Parisian. He became more simple after a few years; passion makes a new man of him. At first, in the "Maraudons du Feu," in "Mardoche," in "Naimoua," he is the Lovelace, the Brummel, of the Romantic School, notwithstanding the poetic gift which already places him far above the level of the disguise he assumes—and above Sainte-Beuve's level, too. He makes verses for mere pastime—laughing at himself for making them, even; they are his diversion from graver pursuits. These more serious occupations were—his brother tells us—"to hold grave conferences with the best tailors in Paris,"

"to waltz with a genuine Marquise." We learn, too, from other sources, that to these ponderous duties he added a routine of attendance at the gambling-clubs and at even less-decorous resorts. It is for this reason that if his inspiration differs from that of Sainte-Beuve, it rests upon the same foundation; it is "personal" to the verge of egoism, and no man ever carried further the pretension of individuality. His contemporaries took this view of him, and a legion of imitators crowded upon his footsteps, and upon those of Sainte-Beuve—imitators who possessed none of the originality of their models, and who occupy no place in the history of French poetry. The first requisite for a "personal" poet, although not the only qualification necessary, is that he should possess a personality, and that is a gift few can claim. Men of originality are rare!

Théophile Gautier perceived all this, instinctively, and, if the issue had been in his hands, the Romantic School would at once have turned to the impersonal phase of art. The description of places, the picturesque presentment of the past, faithfulness of imitative work, the submergence of self in subjective studies, would then have become the chief aims of the poets. Neither nature nor history, however, proceeds by sudden transformations and revolutions. The possibilities of "personal" poetry had not yet been exhausted, the fertility latent in its formulæ had not yet given place to sterility. None of Gautier's great contemporaries had yet said all that he had to say, completed the outpouring of his confessions. The whole period, too (more especially the years that immediately followed 1830), was inauspicious for the epicurean pursuit of art for art's sake. New problems presented themselves to the poets of the day. Religion, which had preoccupied the poets of the past decade, ceased to pre-

occupy the poets of a society which doubted everything, and they became "socialists" and "philosophers."

The evidence of this change is to be found in Victor Hugo's "*Feuilles d'Automne*," of 1831, in the "*Chants du Crépuscule*," of 1835, and in the "*Voix Intérieures*," 1837; or in Lamartine's "*Jocelyn*," of 1836, and his "*Chute d'un Ange*," in 1838. "*Jocelyn*" is, in fact, the only long poem in the French language, and the "*Chute d'un Ange*"—although it remained unfinished—is neither the least important of Lamartine's works, nor the least conclusive manifestation of his genius. In both these poems all the qualities of the "*Méditations*" are again to be found—some of them, indeed, in an exaggerated degree: liquidity and fertility, for example. Other qualities add themselves to these, qualities which are not generally admired, and which failed to bring Lamartine the applause they deserved. It was he who created philosophical poetry in France; for André Chénier, who hoped to do so has left us only the outline of his "*Hermès*," with a bare half hundred lines; and Voltaire's "*Discours sur l'Homme*" is a moral, rather than a philosophical work—and furthermore is only prose. Lamartine has more than once succeeded in expressing, without the slightest loss of clearness or of harmony, ideas of the most abstract, the most purely metaphysical, sort that the human mind can conceive. It is another of his merits pre-eminently shown in "*Jocelyn*," that he could write in a familiar strain without becoming prosaic, and even without losing his nobility of expression. Nor was his point of view a mere pose, as Sainte-Beuve, not without a tinge of jealousy, asks us to believe. If ever a poet was naturally and involuntarily a poet, it was Lamartine, a poet even when he wrote in prose, and even in his political utterances. Nowhere was this

more strikingly shown than in his "Jocelyn," unless, indeed, it be in the "Chute d'un Ange," or in the larger conception of the philosophical epic of which the "Chute d'un Ange" is itself only an episode. One certainly regrets that the hasty execution of the work is not always in keeping with the grandeur of the project, but that disparity is characteristic of Lamartine's genius. Is it not possible, indeed, that in the altitudes where metaphysics and poetry melt one into the other, a want of precision adds a further fitness, a new charm and beauty?

Yet, as one is about to think so and to say so, the shade of Victor Hugo interposes. Whether Hugo's visions be filled with realities, or only with possibilities, no poet has ever made his dreams more vivid, given to them a firmer form, made them more palpable. A blind man could perceive how boldly Victor Hugo's verse brings its subject into relief. Lamartine purifies and idealizes the real—dissolves it, sometimes, in the liquidity of his lines; but Hugo, in the architecture of his poetry, captures the ideal, makes it concrete and material. He is as personal as ever in his "Feuilles d'Automne," or his "Voix Intérieures;" it may even be said that he is nowhere more "personal" than in his "Orientales" or his "Odes." It is in these poems that he is most prodigal of confidences and avowals, and yet he is not the least attentive to "actuality." Half his poems are poems of occasion; their titles show it: "Rêverie d'un passant à propos d'un Roi," "Dicté en présence du glacier du Rhône," "Pendant que la fenêtre était ouverte," "Après une lecture de Dante." But he begins, at this stage of his work, to do what he had not done in the days of the "Orientales;" he begins to inquire into the mysteries, to wonder at what Baudelaire well calls "the monstrousness which envelops man on every side." Lamartine

escaped from himself, raised himself above the level of his own personality, as he turned to the heights, *ad augusta*; Victor Hugo leaves his own person in order to search in mystery itself, *per augusta*, the explanation of what he has found inexplicable in his own personality. If it is a different sort of philosophizing, it is still philosophy, and after twelve years of silence, or of political activity, from 1840 to 1852, when he returns to poetry, he resumes this philosophical pre-occupation, never again to abandon it. No doubt his philosophy at that period differs widely from the catholicism of his earlier attitude, but, nevertheless, he had the right to say that the intensity, the continuity, of that pre-occupation were always of a religious character. It is that which saves him from the double, yet diverse, excess of purely personal poetry and purely naturalistic doctrine.

Nevertheless—while Lamartine and Hugo thus imparted to romantic poetry and to personal poetry a tendency toward philosophical and social poetry—Musset, "descending to the desolate depths of the abyss within himself," gave resounding utterance to some of the most energetic notes of passion in all French poetry—in all the world's poetry. We need only mention a few of his poems: the "Lettre à Lamartine," the "Nuits," the "Souvenir;" not a thousand lines in all. They are poems in which fastidious critics have found passages of mere rhetoric; but they will pass down the ages. Other poets may equal, but can never surpass, their bitter sorrow, their poignant eloquence. Musset's "Nuits" are at once the most realistic and the most personal poems in the language. The adventure had been commonplace, its termination, although it was cruel, was not extraordinary. But the poet suffered so profoundly, his whole life had been so utterly devastated by the blow, that it is impossible to imagine

a more irreparable disaster. To express the pride of his passion, his horror of its unfaithful object, his absolute despair, he found words so profoundly pathetic that they wring, even from the driest eyes, tears almost as abundant as those he himself shed over his dead love. He had interposed so slight a veil of "literature" between his readers and his heart, the cry of his agony rises so naturally, that we can never be closer to any man's soul than to his. It is for all these reasons that, whatever one may think of his other works, Musset's "Nuits" places him in first rank of poets. And perhaps it is for these reasons, too, that "personal" poetry has become so difficult to the poets of our own day. It is apart from personal poetry, or in antagonism to it, rather, that the evolution continues, in the works of Victor de Laprade and, above all, in the "Poèmes" which Alfred de Vigny afterwards embodied in his "Destinées."

Impelled by circumstances, yet always in accordance with the direction of his own talent, Vigny followed the same general trend as Lamartine and Victor Hugo, turning from personal poetry to objective and philosophical poetry. He lacked the fertility of the first, and was yet farther from the verbal and rhythmical inventiveness of the second. His philosophy was not the same, nor his philosophical temperament; he was born a pessimist of the most thorough sort; one of those who cannot forgive life for being the miserable thing it is, and still less forgive God for not having made it happier. From such convictions the road to despair is short. Yet Vigny had too noble a nature or too elevated a mind to permit himself to sink into the gulf; and the conviction to which his pessimism led him—after a period of hesitation—was what has since been called the religion of human suffering. He proclaimed, in a line which has re-

mained famous, his love for "the majesty of human woes." It is this sentiment which inspired some of his finest verses: the "Sauvage," the "Mort du Loup," the "Flûte," the "Mont des Oliviers," 1843, the "Maison du Berger," 1844, and later, the "Bouteille à la Mer," 1854. It is essential to note that, independently of their other merits, all these poems have the two characteristics of a work of art; each is "a philosophical thought, presented in an epic or dramatic form"—the definition is his—and, above all, each is a *Poem*. By this last word one must understand something complete in itself, something of which the development is not left to the caprice or the fantasy of the poet, but depends upon the nature, the importance, and the compass of the subject. This is the limit imposed upon the liberty of purely romantic poetry.

Another poet of the same period restrained that liberty in another fashion: Victor de Laprade, whose "Psyché" in 1841, "Odes et Poèmes" in 1843, "Poèmes évangéliques" in 1852, unquestionably contain fine lines, but they are cold; they seem enveloped by some indefinable haze. There is no comparison between Victor de Laprade and Lamartine or Vigny, to whom he really owes less, though he may seem to owe more, than to two writers who are somewhat overlooked to-day: Balanche, the Lyons printer, who was Mme. Récamier's friend, and Edgar Quinet, the friend of Michelet. Whatever may have been his inferiority, the purposes of Victor Laprade were profoundly interesting. Instinctively a pantheist, and an idealist as well, he labored for ten or twelve years at the task of eliminating the poet's personality by reducing him to the office of an interpreter of the voice of nature. It was a sort of reversal of the romantic point of view, according to which nature herself only served as a pretext

or an occasion for displaying the poet's personality. The subjective impression became, with Laprade, almost a matter of indifference; the truthful representation of the object was the important matter. Unfortunately for Laprade, he combined with this purpose, even in his verses, so many vague side-issues that one loses sight of his novel idea. And amid all this philosophy, which at times was little better than theosophy, the sense of form, of style, and even of prosody, was lost. Poets built their manner upon isolated examples of the work of Musset and Lamartine, and thought that to be as careless, as often incorrect, as they, was the way to equal them.

Upon this theory a whole school of poets founded their work, a school which the barbarous word *Formistes* was coined to describe. Happily the word has not survived the school. They did not at once formulate the doctrine of "art for art's own sake," but they were finding their way to that motto. The "Cariatides" of Théodore de Banville, 1842, and his "Stalactites," 1846, were born of this suggestion. All that he appropriated from romanticism, and from the "Orientales" and the "Consolations" of Sainte-Beuve, was a scrupulous attention to form, to "pure beauty," as it was soon to be called. At the same time, however, he turned back to the Greek and Latin antiques, to the very source of classicism. He looked to André Chénier for inspiration, he sang the "Vénus de Milo," the "Triomphe de Bacchus," or the "Judgment de Pâris;" and all this, was at once an abjuration of the romanticism of the Middle Ages and of that which might have been called Lamartine's neo-Christianism. The same must be said—or almost as much—of Théophile Gautier's collections "Emaux et Camées," which appeared in 1852.

Banville and Gautier were true poets, true artists, over-anxious, indeed, to

find new and singular expressions of art, but they had the misfortune to be also journalists and "men about town." From this combination there resulted a confusing association of incongruous ideals; strata of the quivering air of Paris and of the serene atmosphere of art. It is not always easy to distinguish their serious utterances from their æsthetic paradoxes. Were they sincere, or were they laughing at their readers? In the case of Banville the suspicion is stronger, for in the earlier work one perceives the "dandyism" of Musset, the Musset of "Mardoche" and of "Namouna." The mere title of one of his collections, "Odes Funambulesques," which appeared in 1857, sufficiently indicates the prankish side of his nature, and shows, too, why it is that his influence was so limited. Théophile Gautier, on the other hand, urged by the spur of need, did so much work of all sorts that the hack novelist pressed close upon the heels of the poet. The honor of becoming the true leader of the school was reserved for another, the author of the "Poèmes Antiques," 1852, and "Poèmes Barbares," 1855-56: Leconte de Lisle, one of the foremost poets of contemporary France—if not the most perfect among them all.

He is certainly the most "objective," and in this regard he is the antithesis of the romantic poet and of the lyrical poet; in reality he is an epic poet. In all his works he only speaks of himself two or three times, and with splendid disinterestedness he soars above all the questions of his day, giving place in his verses only to the thoughts which he believed were for eternity, *sub specie æternitatis*. It is this which gives him his sound and lasting value. He sang of the unchanging aspects of nature, the same before his time, in his time, and in our time. They fill his "Midi," his "Juin," the "Rêve du Jaguar," the "Sommeil du Condor." He celebrated

too, the traces which have been left to us by the great races and their successive civilization: "Qaïn," "Brahma," "Khîrôn," the "Enfance d'Héraclès," "Hypatie," "Mauça al Kébyr," the "Tête due Comte," the "Epée d'Angantyr," the "Cœur d'Hjalmar." He gave voice to the resistless melancholy which rises from the mass of ruins, from the dark void in which all human effort seems at last to be lost. He was a great artist; he always prepared himself for his work, adding the breadth of modern erudition to the scrupulous accuracy of the classic school. It was his ambition to give every line the precision of a bas-relief, the durability of bronze or marble. The larger public could hardly have been expected to turn with eagerness to so severe a form of art, but the poets promptly rendered their homage, and one is not surprised to learn that the influence of Leconte de Lisle was felt for a moment by Hugo himself.

This is plainly to be seen, if one compares the "Châtiments," 1852, or the "Contemplations," 1856, with the "Légende des Siècles," 1859. In the two earlier collections we find Hugo still a lyric poet, and more than ever before a personal poet, but in the third, he is manifestly inspired by the dominant note of the "Poèmes Antiques" and the "Poèmes Barbares." With still greater truth he may be said to have been aroused by the sound of a rival's lyre, and, calling all his skill to his aid, he reasserts his sway over the empire which the new-comer had attacked. But the leopard skin which hangs from the poet's shoulder never altogether changes its spots, and although the "Légende des Siècles" contains some verses of truly epic ring—the "Sacre de la Femme," for instance, or "Booz endormi"—the Hugo of the "Orientales" and the "Chants du Crépuscule" reappears in the other pieces, the Hugo to whom history and legend are no

more than scene-painter's draperies, garnishing the stage from which he expresses his own, his most intimate sentiments. No matter how earnestly he tried to subordinate himself to his task, to mirror faithfully the scene he describes, his powerful imagination inevitably distorts the image, and it is always Hugo that we see. The other school aimed at a diametrically opposed result, and just as the romantic movement had spread from the field of poetry to that of the theatre, to history, and even to criticism, they tried now to impose the canons of the naturalist's æsthetics upon criticism and history, the theatre and the poetic art.

It was the first article of their code that the personality of the poet should be *subordinated to nature*, that he should become a sworn interpreter; not necessarily impassible, but yet quite impartial and incorruptible. It is no longer the question to know the poet's point of view, whether he is pleased or indignant, or with what sentiments he is agitated by the spectacle of nature or the events of history. It is his function to present things as they are, for what they are, independently of his personal opinions. A line of Horace expresses the new rule:—

Non mihi res sed me rebus subjungere
conor.

The nature of things is exterior, anterior, superior; it not our task to correct or perfect, but to reproduce, and the first of all poetic qualities is the fidelity of presentment. It is a painter's law, or a sculptor's, perhaps, as much as a poet's, and it may easily be carried to undue extremes; a law, indeed, that was afterwards to bring about strange results. But it worked a great change for good in the years that immediately preceded and followed 1860; it recalled the poet to the observation of nature, to the study of history,

to respect for simple truth. We owed to it, between 1860 and 1875, the "Trophées" of M. J. M. de Heredia; the popular poems, the domestic and intimate verses of M. François Coppée; and, since we are not forbidden to study, in our own persons, the phenomena which Montaigne described as the "changing outlines of man's inner conditions," we owe to this same law some of the subtle and pathetic poems in which M. Sully Prudhomme has so well expressed the complexity of the contemporary spirit.

These three authors, widely dissimilar as they are, have a second characteristic in common: *each is almost perfect in his own field of work*. There are no more beautiful sonnets in the language than those of M. J. M. Heredia. The Dutch painters, Gérard Dow, for instance, and Jean Steen, have painted no interiors more finished than the popular poems of M. Coppée. Finally, M. Sully Prudhomme has touched our most secret fibres with verses of unparalleled delicacy and acuity. Perfection of form was, indeed, the second article, as the subjection of the poet's personality was the first article, of the new school's code. If critics forgave Victor Hugo the obscurities which were often darkened depths of meaning, and which never interfered with the correctness of his diction, they were pitiless to the carelessness of Lamartine and of Musset. The poet's art was no longer measured by the abundance or the strangeness of its inspiration, but by the richness and sonority of the rhythm, the fulness and soundness of the line, the precision and elegance of its French. There was a return to the opinions of the past, a renewed perception of "the power of the right word in the right place." People even began to discern in words many qualities which they do not possess. This was a logical change, no doubt, for there is only one way to imitate nature with fidelity,

and that is to concentrate upon the perfection of form all the energy which has been repressed in the process of restricting the liberty of imagination.

To these two principles—the *perfection of form* and the *impersonality of the artist*—a third added itself; the principle that *art exists for art's sake only*. Art has no moral or didactic mission, and one has no right to question the poet's choice of a subject; his method of treatment is the only ground for the exercise of the critic's function. Gautier believed this to his last day; his work remains to prove it. Leconte de Lisle violated the principle in some of his poems, but he was not conscious that he did so, even when, finding his inspiration in the "Légendes des Siècles," he tried to rival Hugo's anti-religious ardor. M. de Heredia has never swerved. It was this central idea that the Parnassians made their rallying-point in 1866. Some illustrious prose writers, Flaubert in the first rank, encouraged them. And if M. Sully Prudhomme and M. François Coppée escaped from the strict yoke, it was because they were affected by another influence at the same time as Leconte de Lisle's, an influence more subtle and not less powerful, that of Charles Baudelaire and his "Fleurs du Mal."

These poems appeared for the first time in 1857; but there are books which make themselves felt as soon as they appear, just as there are others which need, as it were, to be felt from a distance. Of such are, in the history of French prose, Stendhal's "Chartreuse de Parme," and, in the history of French poetry, "Fleurs du Mal." At a first glance the critics imagined—fantastic as the idea seems to us—that they detected Catholicism in the "Fleurs du Mal;" and this was at the moment of a general reaction toward Paganism. The fact is, that at a time when the elaboration of form was everything, Baudelaire's verses dis-

played the mosaicist's care; they suggested the prose writer who has with painful labor mortised a rhyme upon the end of every line. It was also a moment at which poetry tended to the impersonal; and the inspiration of Baudelaire betrays its debt to that of Vigny, and yet more to that of Sainte-Beuve—the Sainte-Beuve of the "Confessions de Joseph Delorme." He not only imitated, but exaggerated this strange morbidity. While the critics for these reasons despised even what there was of novelty in Baudelaire's product, the youth of his day recognized it, and felt its fascination. Beneath the declamatory tone, and the charlatanism even, of his lament, they perceived the sincerity of a suffering which was not less genuine because it was purely intellectual. It has been said that of all the sensory suggestions the most material and the most diffusive are those which appeal to the olfactory perceptions, and that no others so immediately stir the memory. And if this be true, it must be remembered that the "Fleurs du Mal" are permeated by the whole gamut of exotic fragrance. They are full, too, of those subtle values of sensory co-ordination which Baudelaire himself indicates when he says that "forms and outlines and sounds all correspond, the one to the other." There was novelty in all this, a fruitful and a lasting novelty, and, as it did not seem to disagree with the lessons of the Parnassians, people listened obediently to the lofty teachings of Leconte de Lisle, but read Baudelaire with infinite delight, like children devouring a book in secret.

I remember trying, twenty-five years ago, in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to describe this influence which Baudelaire exerted upon M. François Coppée, M. Sully Prudhomme upon M. Paul Bourget, too, whose first verses had then—in 1875—recently appeared, and upon other writers. Fran-

çois Buloz, who was still living at the time, was hugely displeased, although he had printed in the *Revue Baudelaire's* first verses.

"So you take Baudelaire for a master, do you?" he cried.

I thought that I had answered him when I said:

"No, but he is a master in the eyes of the poets I named."

But Buloz was not convinced. I little knew how amply time would justify me; I had not long to wait before a whole generation were invoking the name of the author of "Fleurs du Mal," the generation of Paul Verlaine and of Stephen Mallarmé.

Although they still continued to bow to the Parnassian discipline, they began to chafe under it. Despite the poet's dictum, *ut pictura poesis*, they began to perceive that poetry withered in this dry perfection of execution. The precision of outline, the richness of metre, the unsurviving fidelity of representation combined, embarrassed, cumbered, cramped the freedom of the imagination, the amplitude of visions. It was impossible to escape the accurate grasp of the artist, and when he had clutched you there was no release. There was no background, no distant perspective, there was none of the indistinctness, the obscurity, the *chiaroscuro*, which is, nevertheless, one of the elements of true poetry. Save for some among M. Sully Prudhomme's verses, everything was brought into the whitest light, and if, by chance, the meaning of any work, as a whole, was not quite clear, each line was in itself uncompromisingly distinct. People began to find, too, that this reproduction of nature was extended, in the past as in the present, to many objects which possessed no real interest. It does not follow that because an event has taken place it is necessarily a poetic event; nor is it true that everything that lives should be immortalized by art. It was

said, too, that if ideas were plentiful enough in the masterpieces of the Parnassian School, no one idea ever passed beyond its original limits, or became the mantle and the veil of something more secret, more mysterious, the visible and palpable exterior of that which can neither be seen or touched. There are, unquestionably, certain correspondences and associations between ourselves and the world in which we live: every sensation should lead us to an idea, and in that idea we ought to find something analogous to the sensation. The reality of things does not manifest itself in their mere exterior, they must be exposed to the light of the truth in accordance with which their forms are defined. Every representation which falls to base itself upon that fact is necessarily incomplete, superficial, mutilated. The Parnassians forgot this, and their forgetfulness created the school of symbolism.

It is difficult to see very clearly the inner meaning of Paul Verlaine's work. He was an "irregular" in the eyes of all the schools, and his emancipation had been no more than a return to the liberty of the Romantic School, and a step beyond even that liberty. He owes his reputation less to the profoundness and the ingenuity of his symbolism than to the cynicism of his "Confessions." He was at once violent and feeble, ingeniously perverse, capable, by turn, of the worst sentiments and the most sincere repentances, inheriting from Baudelaire and from Sainte-Beuve the love of sin and of remorse. Poor "Lélian" wrote some wretched verses and some that were detestable; but he wrote also some that were original and exquisite. His great merit is, perhaps, that he wrote exquisitely diaphanous lines, verse as lightly burdened as French verse ought to be. Stephen Mallarmé wrote the most incomprehensible verses, more obscure than any Lycophron ever had

made before his time; but he had a poet's soul; he talked limpidly, if he wrote turgidly; he possessed the secret of clothing the strangest ideas in an enchanter's web of apparent truth; he had been, and will no doubt remain, the hierophant of symbolism, as Baudelaire was its precursor. I doubt whether he will be largely represented in the anthologies of the future, but no historian of nineteenth-century French poetry can refrain from mentioning his name. A certain Maurice Scève, of Lyons, played just such a rôle in the sixteenth century, only to disappear, when he had played it, in the effulgence of the great Ronsard.

There is one more observation that should perhaps be made before terminating this too-hurried essay. It is a Ronsard that symbolism has lacked, and still lacks; it is a Ronsard that we have been awaiting for nearly ten years. It would be easy to name a dozen excellent craftsmen in verse, and three or four poets, among the younger men: M. Henri de Régnier, for instance, and M. Albert Samain. But however much talent, natural or acquired, they may have shown, it must be admitted that no work of theirs has aroused the immediate and universal emotion which Lamartine's "Méditations" and Ronsard's "Amours" kindled as soon as they appeared. Why is it so? Is it, perhaps, because the time is not favorable to poets, and that our poets lack the encouragement, the complicity of opinion, so to speak, which is more necessary to their development than to the development of any other sort of artists? Surely this is not the case. On the contrary, our poets find to-day a keener audience, not in France only, but abroad, than could have been hoped for ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. Are fewer poets born, or is it more difficult for them to find the opportunity of appealing to the verdict of the public? Is life less kind to

them to-day than formerly? One can hardly say so, in view of the number of volumes of verse which appear each year. Is it that they ripen less rapidly, and that the standard they set themselves is higher, more complex, and demands longer effort? Are they awaiting a rounder maturity? As they are all young, let us hope that this is the case; and if the close of the nineteenth cen-

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tury, so abundant in poetic talent, is somewhat barren of poetic product, we can only wait in the hope that the expected masterpiece is taking form, somewhere in silent seclusion, and that the sudden radiance of its appearance will greet the beginning of the new century. *Sic aliud ex alio nunquam desistit oriri.*

Ferdinand Brunetière.

ENGLISH AND DUTCH IN THE PAST.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

"I confess they abuse their liberty, deceive us in trade, cozen us of our money, but I cannot be angry with them that they prove cunning friends when we prove slothful and improvident of our own advantages. One settled treaty would at once stop all their breaches and bind them." So wrote an English enemy about the Dutch two hundred and fifty years ago, when the two peoples had been quarrelling and backbiting for half a century.

There had always indeed been an uneasy friendship, at the best, in the family group that surrounded the shores of the German Ocean, as that great lake in the midst of the Teutonic world was justly called. For a thousand years their adventurers were out conquering, from Iceland to Damascus; and, an end having come to conquest, they proceeded, for the next thousand years, to bid for the commerce of the world—a rivalry in which, with unabated ardor, they are still engaged. For seven centuries, from the founding of Amsterdam, in 1204, to the founding of Johannesburg, the English and the Dutch especially have seen in the suc-

cess of either people a menace to the other.

At a very early time herrings had disturbed the harmony of the peoples: when Dutch fleets came, dragging their fishing nets along the shores of England, forcing the English to buy their own fish in Schonen markets. By 1400 all the grain and seed of the Netherlands could not give its vast industrial population a month's bread; living, like the English now, on food from abroad, they seized the chief part of the Baltic commerce, and rendered most of the Hanseatic ports on that sea as empty of good shipping as their exchanges of rich merchants. The English, to be sure, had a share in their activity and fortune, and more traders went from England than from all Europe besides to traffic in the markets of the Low Countries. On the whole, therefore, domestic quarrels over the German seas ended in a few rude blows from time to time: it was only when the Atlantic and Pacific came into dispute that the English and the Dutch had a serious misunderstanding. From that time till now they have fought wherever they met. Twice only did an extreme peril unite them in a common cause to resist the

universal dominion of Spain and of France. At all other times these peoples, missionaries of the Protestant faith and of religious liberty, leaders of science and letters, apostles of industry and the arts, have ever been ready to annihilate one another for the biggest share of trade, or the conquest of a new territory; once glorious and heroic champions of national freedom against universal dominion, they have never hesitated to sacrifice each other, or any other people whatever, to push their own dominion, and "call it freedom when themselves are free."

The first transitory need of union, and the beginnings of predestined strife, were disclosed when Spain, in 1580, annexed Portugal, and became mistress of America and the Indies and sole sovereign of the seas. She had seized the kingdoms of the earth and their glory at a singularly disastrous moment, for the formidable problem that confronted Portugal now devolved on Spain. Lisbon was actually what Venice had once been,—the common mart of the whole world; but the same causes which had given her a brief prosperity—the shifting of trade by the discovery of America and the blocking of the Red Sea by the Turks—were already transferring commerce to the Northern seas. Amsterdam, London, were waiting to supplant Lisbon as she had supplanted Venice. There was but one alternative for Spain: to crush the revolted Provinces and subdue the rising power of England, or herself perish as the supreme World-Power. Alva, Parma, Spinola, showed what her intentions were in Holland, the Armada in England. The Dutch called in every whaler from the Arctic seas, every trader from the Baltic, to the help of the home country. The English, providently making the best of a bad chance, tried an alliance with the Turks, the only naval force which

could cope with Spain, but Turkish supremacy in the Mediterranean had ceased with the battle of Lepanto. There was no help for Dutch or English but from one another. Elizabeth sent such niggardly aid to the Provinces as her poverty and her suspicions would allow; and the Dutch paid their full share of the bargain when they cut off Parma's army from joining the Armada. No one, in that day, mistook the meaning of the war. "It is quite well known here," wrote a Venetian ambassador during the siege of Ostend, "that had it not been for the war in Flanders, the king of Spain could not have been hindered from imposing his will upon all Christendom." "The Queen," he remarks, "is all the more inclined to peace because she believes that she alone has frustrated the universal monarchy of Spain." That was Elizabeth's view. But the real brunt of the battle had fallen on the Netherlands. The 100,000 victims of Charles the Fifth, the 30,000 of Alva, the multitudes of the slain that lay at Haarlem, Leyden, Maestricht, the 100,000 dead at Ostend, had saved not only Holland but England.

Scarcely had the first extremity of danger passed when the two thrifty nations of business began to reckon up the spoils to be seized,—the spoils of a whole world. The day when the two fleets sailed together into Cadiz in 1596, destroyed the Spanish ships, and pillaged the town, was in a sense the parting of the ways. Practical Dutch traders had never thought it necessary to shut up business in a country with which they happened to be fighting, and the loot carried off by the conquerors at Cadiz was made up of the merchandise of Dutch warehouses. The merchants began to see that their rising fortunes must be cut clear from the falling luck of Spain, that even for them there was a healthier air on the

high seas than in the hostile Spanish ports.

So far Spaniards and Portuguese had kept the knowledge of navigation on the great oceans a profound secret. But a sagacious Frieslander, Linschoten, made his way to Bombay, and after thirteen years brought back his maps and all that was to be known about the Eastern voyage—its trade-winds, harbors, and islands. So well did his countrymen use his science that in twenty years they were masters of all the paths of the ocean, and had thrice circumnavigated the globe. They at once, in 1494, sent Linschoten to seek in the Arctic seas a northwest passage to India, they sailed round the Cape to Java in 1495, and through the Straits of Magellan in 1498, exploring at once the North and the South Poles. The names of their discoveries are scattered over the oceans, Spitzbergen and Cape Horn, Vancouver Island and Van Diemen's Land, New Holland and New Zealand.

Linschoten's maps, published in London in 1498, raised a fury in England. From alliances with the Turks, from buccaneering raids in the Levant, to kill the dying commerce of Venice, and onslaughts on Spanish ports, "to singe the King of Spain's beard," they too pushed out over the ocean. Then began a neck-and-neck race between Hollanders and Englishmen on the high seas. If the Dutch founded Batavia, then as now the capital of their commercial empire in the East, if they settled in Borneo, Cochlin China, Amboyna, and the Spice Islands, and secured the trade of India, Japan, and Ceylon (1602-1612), the English were ever close on their track, passing from Benin (1588) into the Indian seas, sending rival traders to the Spice Islands and Ceylon, to Java and Japan (1606-1618). When the Dutch, turning from the Pacific to claim the whole Atlantic, formed a West Indian Com-

pany with a monopoly of trade from Africa to America, from Magellan to Newfoundland (1607), the English too sailed west. The Dutch settled in Brazil and New Holland, where their merchants (employing then an English pilot) discovered the Hudson River (1609), and later explored the Connecticut; the English answered with colonies in Virginia, the Bermudas, the Barbados and Gulana (1610-1613). They sent out a rival expedition to Hudson Bay. The Hollanders, it is said, had 100 ships in the Gold Coast trade, at Guinea and the Cape de Verd Islands, and 300 out whale-fishing with 12,000 men; whereupon the English pressed their trade with Benin, made plantations in Newfoundland and claimed the Spitzbergen Ocean as their own (1610-1615). At home they saw the Dutch still lords of the German seas, fishing as outrageously as ever for English herrings, with 3,000 ships, said Raleigh, in the Baltic trade, and 2,000 to carry its commodities abroad, and building yearly 1,000 more; with the carrying trade of the whole world in their hands, so that an Englishman had to send his trunks to France by way of Holland. The English, therefore, as was natural to the weaker Power, repudiated the doctrine of the great Dutchman Grotius that the seas were free to all, and claimed sole right in at least a hundred miles round every British coast; so uncongenial to England, in her struggling youth, was the Dutch theory of free trade lauded by Adam Smith, so little advantage did she see her way to get under certain conditions out of the "open door." The notion of free seas, the English said, was against the sense of all peoples "excepting only one nation, who, though her native soil abounds with milk, is, nevertheless, indebted to other countries for all other necessities, and is even enriched and become haughty

with the spoils of all nations, having despised all distinction in her open or free sea, and has even the boldness to style herself invincible." "If the English would please to fix palisades round the seas they claimed as their property," retorted the Dutch, "they would willingly submit to their demands."

By the time of James the First there were enough commercial quarrels to dim lofty enthusiasms for liberty and a common Protestantism: bickerings and grumbings about the cloth trade and the herrings, whale fisheries in the Banda Islands, Amboyna massacres, and Jameson raids of the old style. When King James expressed his sorrow for these raids, and hoped the Dutch would join him in scourging the offenders, their ambassador Caron answered that they on their part had already done so, but unhappily they had always found the pirates favored and fostered in His Majesty's ports. "Moreover, your Majesty has been pleased to pardon several of them, after conviction, so that they are now grown bold and are constantly pillaging our honest tradesmen."

To end the Dutch difficulty James conceived the scheme of annexation and spoliation of the Provinces which, though under other forms, haunted English statesmen for 200 years; proposing to divide their territory between France and England unless they repaid at once the money lent by Elizabeth in the war with Philip. "Let them leave off," he said, "this vain-glorious thirsting for the title of a free state, which no people are worthy of that cannot stand by themselves, and *dividantur inter nos*." There were reasons at home that made the English little willing to understand the passion of a free people for political liberty, or to treat with respect the rights of a small State.

This incident marks the attitude of

the two countries for the following century. Freed from all external peril, England had plunged into the gayety of free adventure, the lust of plunder, the wild ravages of magnificent buccaneers whose piracies brought her a far richer treasure than laborious colonists could give. The country was safe, safe enough to wage a civil war, to execute one king, banish another, and bring in a new dynasty, start wars of incorporation and extermination in Scotland and Ireland, and play at desperate continental intrigues. In her lucky century, from 1588 to 1692, she saw the destruction of all the naval Powers she had to fear,—Spain, Holland and France. The Dutch were in another case. For them the century brought no rest or security. Twice, at its beginning and at its close, Holland, at the risk of her existence, bore the brunt of a forty years' war to deliver Europe from the threat of universal monarchy. Before the armies of Spain William the Silent had prepared for a Great Trek of the whole Dutch people to the South Seas; a hundred years later the statesmen about William the Third contemplated a Great Trek before the hosts of France. Between these great struggles they had to face the plots of enemies that never ceased—plots to give away the land in marriage dowries, to partition it, to encroach on its borders. Every revolution in the new Republic was subordinated to the fear of invasion. Her statesmen, Barnveldts and De Witts, fell before that terror. The country was only preserved by the intelligence, sagacity, and integrity of the people. They had been till Philip's time little better than an association of shopkeepers, ready to suffer every indignity, political and spiritual, if trade was left them. They had gone to war on trade. But in the contest a new zeal was stirred—the love of country, the love of political and religious free-

dom. In their great calamities trade was no longer the first thought. Indeed the traders themselves had become the main line of national defence, the one hope of Holland, forts and plantations and settlements regarded as movements in a desperate campaign for the salvation of their country. It was now that the dyke raised by her patient sons

Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore
While the pent Ocean rising o'er the pile
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile.

Laboriously learning to fill their narrow gardens with winter roots, transferring them slowly to the field, they taught European nations how to preserve cattle through the winter, and banish scurvy and leprosy by a constant supply of wholesome and fresh food; taught the English, it is said, to double their population. They discovered and improved artificial grasses, which again enabled them to increase their stock on the land. Granaries in Amsterdam were filled with a couple of years' supply of imported corn to eke out their own scanty store. They had made of Amsterdam the warehouse of the world, her dockyards more full of timber, and her cellars of wine-casks, her bank hoarding up more specie, than all the rest of Europe; but the national wealth served, not for the enervation of the people, but for the defence of the country. Never, perhaps, was there the same parsimony and frugality of life in the midst of such commercial riches: "crouching at home" in Dryden's scornful jibe:—

Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seemed but ship-wrecked on so base a coast.

In the first year of the truce, 1609, the Bank of Amsterdam was founded and put in charge of the burgomasters of the town—a Bank which, for its never-violated credit, its immense treasure, and its importance in commerce, may justly be called the first in Europe. In 1672, the French armies camping in Utrecht, twenty-one miles from Amsterdam, there was a panic and run on the bank. The city magistrate took the people into the treasury and showed them the store of gold untouched, masses of coin among the rest half melted in the great fire which many years before had happened in the Stadthouse.

The English had neither considered nor appreciated the stubborn love of country and of liberty that marked the new Holland. They held to the good old idea of a petty people of shopkeepers. Covetous plans of spoliation revived. Cromwell, with his head full of schemes of incorporation for Scotland, Ireland, Holland, proposed to the Dutch, in 1651, to form a more intimate and strict alliance. "Faciamus eos in unam gentem," explained Thurloe, deep in the confidence of Cromwell. The spirit of the burghers rose at the hint of danger to their national freedom. "The alliance proposed," answered De Witt, "between a small State like ours and a great State like England would mean our political extinction." With insolent and threatening words the ambassador returned to England and the Navigation Act was passed.

From the moment when the great duel between Holland and England began, only one end was possible; so great were the resources of the English in land, in population, in real wealth, as opposed to the mercantile simulacra of wealth, in position to command the seas, compared with the drowning soil "where the broad ocean leans upon the land," which the Hol-

landers had redeemed with an incredible toll, "rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold." In the heroism of that fatal strife lies all its dignity and honor.

Without straining parallels too far there now began a situation like that which we see to-day on a smaller scale between English and Dutch. Neither people has changed its temper, or laid aside its deepest passions. The young Republic of 1651 was but forty years old by uncertain truce, and three years old by treaty. It had a long score of quarrels with the English. The States, foreboding with good reason a coming attack from England had begun hastily to add to their naval force, which had fallen very low. They had sent out Tromp to chastise English pirates who preyed from Scilly on their commerce. They were very sensitive of the dignity of their flag, scarcely daring to order their admirals to dip it to an English fleet. Two parties divided their counsels, the progressive merchants of Amsterdam, and old conservatives that supported the Stadtholder. England, meanwhile, was in a strong Imperial mood, as we should say, fresh from incorporating the three kingdoms, newly embarked on a bold colonial policy. She had successfully ended the Scotch war. She had just made a revolution in her navy, and formed a fleet independent of the merchants' ships; and could now, for the first time, safely throw the force of three kingdoms and of a powerful navy on the Dutch. Cromwell, moreover, after long negotiations, had his soldiers actually shipped (1652) to occupy Dunkirk, promised him by France—the Delagoa Bay of the situation—from which, if it was once British, he could shut Holland in a corner, destroy her outlet to the sea, and break her commerce and very means of life. No moment could be more favorable for the fight. It was com-

monly believed that the Dutch, eager to get back to their shops, would make no stand on the field. Cromwell was informed the war would be short, and the Hollanders easy to settle down with in peace afterwards, for had they not even made friends with Spain? All the grievances, therefore, of fifty years were gathered by the English in one black list. The Dutch sent embassies to treat in the very spirit of Kruger—"All, all, all, except the freedom of my country." They offered the fullest commercial union instead of a political alliance. They promised to give an indemnity for the Amboyna massacres thirty years before; to dip their flag in English waters; to pay a fair sum for the damage done in a battle with Tromp. Their ambassadors took "God, the searcher of man's heart, to witness that the most unhappy fight of the ships of the two commonwealths did happen against the knowledge and will of the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and that with grief and astonishment they received the fatal news of that unhappy rash action. That they did consult and endeavor to find what remedy may be applied to that raw and bloody wound, to which end they have written to gather a solemn Parliament, whereby they do not doubt but that a way may be found to shun the detestable shedding of Christian blood, so much desired by the common enemies of both nations and of the reformed religion. We crave this most honorable council by our common liberty and religion to suffer nothing to be done in too much heat, that afterwards may prove neither reparable nor revocable by too late vows and wishes, and that you let us receive a kind answer to our last request." The Parliament of England answered that "the extraordinary preparation of men of war, and the instructions given to your commanders at sea, give much cause to believe that

"the Lords States General have an intention by force to usurp the known rights of England in the seas. Wherefore Parliament must endeavor to seek reparation for the wrong already suffered, and security that the like be not attempted for the future." Cromwell had closed the dark tale of religious conflicts since the Reformation by his Irish war, scarcely to be paralleled in the story of civilized countries; in his war with the Dutch, for the possession of trade, he opened the series of commercial struggles by which Europe is still rent asunder.

After a year's war the English proposed to extinguish the Provinces as an independent State, and absorb Holland into England "as one people and commonwealth;" no alliance, they explained, but "the making of two sovereign States one, under one supreme power." High in spirit and courage, they believed themselves strong enough to enforce any demands they chose to make. But they had not reckoned with the temper of Holland. The Dutch answer was given in the battle of the Texel. "O Lord," prayed the elder Tromp struck down by a bullet, "be merciful to me and Thy poor people." The fleet had lost over 6,000 men, but not a man in the States would hear of the extinction of his country. They refused Cromwell's next proposal for an alliance to divide the world with them, the whole of Asia for the Dutch, all America to the English; with Protestant missionaries following their conquering fleets to spread the faith of Jesus. They refused to desert their Danish allies at his bidding, and prepared to fight to the last man. This two-years' war had exhausted their treasure and injured their commerce more than the eighty years of maritime war with Spain; loaded the people with an unexampled debt, closed their fisheries, interrupted trade, till 3,000 houses lay vacant in

Amsterdam alone. They were unshaken by calamity. The fury of their patriotism bore down the English; and in view of Dutch doggedness Cromwell had to be content with a secret engagement for the weakening of the Dutch State, that the House of Orange should forever be excluded from power. The English, De Witt said, as Dutch ministers might have said a hundred years later, were always interfering in their domestic concerns, a policy it was extremely difficult to parry.

Such a peace had no elements of permanence. The English had noted two hundred years before, as Cromwell did now, the essential weakness of a country unable to maintain itself, and depending for its subsistence on the precarious trade of the ocean—as of "Carthage, mighty in her ships," that "stooped to Rome less wealthy but more strong." Nor had the peace delivered the English from the thing they feared, Dutch rivalry in commerce. The Dutch East India Company was pushed on with extraordinary energy and success. They had sprung on the English a new grievance, which was to last long, by capturing the Cape from the Portuguese and planting on it a Dutch colony. The matter rankled in Englishmen's minds; who declared that the Cape had already been given to themselves by the Portuguese, and claimed into the bargain the whole of the Dutch settlements on the coast of Africa. Oddly enough, there was mixed up with these larger questions a bill for indemnity demanded for a slave ship and a derelict vessel taken some years before by the Dutch, of a value of 97,000 guilders, for which the English asked 1,600,000, to cover both the value and the detriment to their colonies. Downing, the English ambassador in Holland, patronized by Cromwell, Monk, and Charles the Second, had bought up this claim for a moder-

ate sum, and to revenge himself on the States for not paying his demand, labored incessantly to inflame ill-feeling in England and hasten war. There were empire-makers then as unscrupulous as they were daring. An English fleet was despatched in 1664, in full time of peace, to capture the Dutch settlements of West Africa, and, crossing the Atlantic, to seize, on pretence of a grant made by James the First in 1620, New Holland and New Amsterdam, which the Dutch had held for over half a century. It was an easy capture, New Amsterdam being wholly unprepared for resistance; and the Duke of York, Chairman of the West India Company and Lord High Admiral of the Fleet, gave his name to the town which the fleet had won for the Company, while Charles, to appease the Dutch, professed entire ignorance, and put the commander, Holmes, for a few days in the Tower. The war that followed, famous for battles unparalleled in naval history, failed at last before the Plague and Great Fire; but, when all other terms of peace had been arranged, it needed the fleet of De Ruyter in the Thames, and "the roar of foreign guns heard for the first and last time by the citizens of London," to make the English abandon the claim of the million and a half of guilders for "moral and intellectual damages."

The genius and lofty patriotism of De Ruyter could but delay for a little time the ruin of Dutch sea-power by her two formidable enemies—England and France. Half a dozen years later they united to break the stubborn might of Holland. She fought under the great De Ruyter in 1672 a hopeless and glorious war.

I never saw him [a Frenchman once wrote of that great hero] other than even-tempered; and when victory was assured, saying always it was the good God that gives it to us. Amid the dis-

orders of the fleet and the appearance of loss, he seemed to be moved only by the misfortune to his country, but always submissive to the will of God. Finally, it may be said that he has something of the frankness and lack of polish of our patriarchs; and, to conclude what I have to say of him, I will relate that the day after the victory I found him sweeping his own room and feeding his chickens.

The battle of the Texel in 1673 was the last fight between England and Holland for the mastery of the seas. The devoted country, the noble citadel for all Europe of national and intellectual freedom, was first shaken before the combined power of England and France. She had immediately before her a more perilous and costly war than the War of Independence a hundred years earlier.

William the Stadtholder roused his country against Lewis the Fourteenth, and under his domination England and Holland were forced into union for the second and the last time in defence of the liberties of Europe (1688-1714). The marriage of the Prince of Orange and the English Revolution were mere episodes in the Dutch game of fighting Lewis, recognized as such by the Pope, the Emperor, and the King of Spain. Innocent the Eleventh, as head of the confederation of which William was the leading lieutenant, sent him his benediction and fervent hope for his success in England; and the Orangemen of Ireland still celebrate the day when the monarch of glorious, pious, and immortal memory fought the battle of the Boyne as the lieutenant of the Pope.

Marlborough carried on the work of William, and when the Dutch war of forty years closed in 1713 the domination of France had been averted. But the last alliance of the two peoples ended in bitterness and anger. Henceforth, England sailed the ocean without a rival. As she had united with

France, in 1672, to break the sea-power of the Dutch, she had united with the Dutch to break, in 1692, at La Hogue the naval power of France. She had fully entered on her great prosperity. As for the Dutch, they had saved the independence of their country: they had lost not a foot of ground in Europe, only a few, and the least important, colonies abroad. Almost alone, by their extraordinary commercial and maritime ability, they had borne the burden of the war; and its close saw their commerce burdened, their sea-power broken, and their position among the nations lost by the sheer exhaustion of the strife. The price of freedom was heavy—a people robbed of hope, worn down by an appalling load of taxation, ruined, but for their enduring thrift and native industry.

We understand better the character of the Dutch as we see it fixed in that appalling struggle of 150 years. There was no cruelty Holland had not suffered, no brutality she had not witnessed, from Alva to Villars, giving her children by the hundred thousand to exult in every horror of pain and death the crimes of patriotism and religion. Created, as it were, by ferocity, her people had been toughened and hardened by the harshness of their struggle; never called out to fight save in the face of overwhelming odds, they learned in conflict a dark and silent fatalism, a stern inhumanity that cared little to spare others the roughness they themselves had borne. From a hard and hazardous life gentler mortals fled "to sport and flutter in a milder air." Grave, hopeless, and unconquerable, their noblest leaders drew from the horrors of persecution and defeat a deep and solemn piety. "The weaker our fleet is," said De Ruyter, before the combined powers of France and England, "the more confidently I expect a victory, not from our own

strength, but from the arm of the Almighty."

The power of the Dutch broken, there was no longer any occasion for the English to fear their rivalry, or even their prosperity. Two ambitions, nevertheless, had been bequeathed to her by the war of Cromwell, which had still to be satisfied. The desire to assert, for the better security of England, a control of some sort over Holland and its ports was intensified by the union of Hanover and England. With the growth of English naval power, the clamor for the Cape and the best harbors of the Eastern seas grew louder. England's chance to gratify the desires of 150 years arrived when a new war for universal dominion broke up public right and international law.

No wonder that Holland, after its supreme effort and vast disasters, sank into a deep fatigue and apathy, an opulent commercial State, "dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm"—liberty itself bartered in the degenerate land; "the needy sell it and the rich man buys." In 1787 the ancient contest broke out between the old Republican party and the party of the Stadtholder, but now the House of Orange was maintained in power (a policy opposite to that of Cromwell seeming, by this time, best suited to English interests) by the forces of England and Prussia; till the Republicans welcomed the French as liberators and set up in 1795 the Batavian Republic, acknowledged by France, and Prussia and Spain, in the Treaty of Basle. The Stadtholder fled to England, and became for twenty years an English pensioner. He had brought with him as many ships as he could carry off, which the English, in consideration, presumably, of their hospitality, added to their own navy, and Holland saw them no more. They took from the dethroned prince an addi-

tional recompense—a written authority to the British Government to hold the Dutch colonies, the Cape, Ceylon, Java, etc., in his name. England acted very rapidly on this permission; as the Dutch agents at the Cape declined to carry out orders the Stadtholder had no power to give, and awaited instructions from the *de facto* government at home, the English seized the Dutch South African colony by force, in the name of the Prince of Orange, and occupied Capetown in September 1795. By the Treaty of Amiens (1802), however, they were obliged to restore all the Dutch possessions; and a solemn thanksgiving was held in Capetown at the departure of the English in 1803. No sooner was the war renewed than they seized various coveted colonies: Ceylon, Demerara, Essequibo, Berbice, with a vain attempt on Java; their ships were seen hovering about the Cape; two secret expeditions appeared in 1805, and in 1806 the Dutch and French forces were defeated, and the Cape occupied again by the English, under the old authority of the Prince of Orange. Nominally holding for the Dutch, and with Dutch inhabitants at least twenty times as numerous as the English, they proclaimed English the official language (1809).

One of Cromwell's aims was secured by the seizure of the colonies. There remained the other, the control of the Dutch coast. Lord Liverpool was much preoccupied with the creation of a barrier against France or a mid-European Power, to shield Hanover and eventually England. At the first settlement of Europe, therefore, in 1814, England took steps to secure an extended continental coastline under her protection. Holding Hanover already, she, by restoring the Prince of Orange, held Holland too; by uniting to Holland the ten provinces of Belgium (which had been incorporated into France for twenty-one years) she secured Antwerp, Na-

poleon's "blunderbuss pointed at London." Under English pressure, therefore, the Prince of Orange was set over the seven Protestant States of Holland and the ten Catholic provinces of Belgium as King of the Netherlands; Amsterdam and Brussels were made the capitals, and Dutch the official language, which led to some incongruities. The new kingdom thus formed was practically a British province. Their most intimate relations with the British people, the Prince of Orange announced, would soon be strengthened by the marriage of his eldest son. English and Hanoverian troops occupied Ostend, Antwerp, and other strong places, to enable the King of the Netherlands to hold down Belgium, and to resist France and French influence. "It would be quite impossible," Lord Liverpool said, "to embark this country in a war at present except upon some clear, distinct British interest. The defence of Holland and the Low Countries is the only thing that would be regarded in this light." The Barrier Fortresses of Belgium having been destroyed by Joseph the Second, the Duke of Wellington was sent over to report on a plan of fortification, which he did in a long memorandum, and advised that a committee of Dutch and English officers should make out the estimates. They fixed the cost at two millions. The King had neither money nor troops; and by arrangement England gave five millions, distinctly set apart to restore the fortresses and maintain the English garrisons, and to free the Treasury from an inconvenient debt to Russia; the money thus given being formally set off against the oversea possessions of Holland, which England had seized as trustee of the Prince of Orange. This sum has been spoken of as compensation given for the colonies, and as a matter of form it may be so described, though the compensation was in fact

little more than a paper transaction. The real price for which the Prince of Orange had abandoned the colonies was Belgium and the royal title; while England must in any case have given to Holland every penny of the five millions—much as money might now be given in Egypt—to maintain her continental policy and protect "British interests."

The colony of Java, which the English had also since held professedly for Holland, was restored to the Dutch by the Congress of Vienna (1815). The potential riches of Java were unknown. Even the Dutch settlements had largely disappeared; and the island, which, during the French occupation, had been reorganized, under the personal direction of Napoleon, by the iron Marshal Daendels, had been used mainly as a place of arms. But the restoration was not without ill-feeling. The English, holding in trust for the Dutch, had made a series of treaties with the native princes which were inconsistent with Dutch sovereignty, and were naturally abrogated by the Dutch in 1819. To the violent protests of Sir Stamford Raffles, they answered that the island reverted to them by *postliminium* cleared of all *ad interim* obligations, which was undoubtedly the sound view in the eye of international law, else the trustee could whittle away the rights of the beneficiary.

The Cape, Ceylon, and the Dutch West Indies had now passed definitely to England, and the policy initiated by Cromwell was so far triumphant. Her hold on the European coast by the unnatural union of Holland and Belgium was maintained for fifteen years, ending in the revolution of 1830. The arrangements made by the statesmen of Europe at Vienna were mostly unsuccessful. Most notable of all failures was the attempt to join two races so unlike in race, language, religion, and

historical bent as Holland and Belgium.

So long, however, as England remained steadfast to her self-imposed obligations to Holland, and as long as the Holy Alliance remained powerful and active, Belgians had to bear the Dutch yoke in silence and submission. A change came, however, when Canning detached England from the Holy Alliance, and the spread of Liberal ideas brought that recognition of nationality which has been the main political factor of the nineteenth century. Roused by the movement for reform at home, she became less and less the advocate of the settlement of 1815. In 1830 France cast out the line of Bourbon, which had been forced upon her, to choose from another branch the Citizen King, and England in her democratic mood applauded the change. A close *entente cordiale* united the two great Western peoples of Europe. Democracy sent a thrill throughout Europe, and Paris once more became what she had been sixty years earlier, the focus of European political activity. Antwerp and Brussels, kindled to sudden life, rose against their Dutch masters. Unchecked by the threats of Russia, Austria, and Prussia, the French swarmed to the Belgian frontier—that frontier which British gold had fortified against them, where now the Belgians hailed them with joy. They offered the crown to Louis Phillippe's son, but the offer was declined. Holland, meantime, with her stubborn spirit, gathered 80,000 men for battle. Before such a force, backed by the great European Powers, France, even with the mighty army which Soult had organized, dared not measure swords. She would have rushed to assured naval and military ruin. But, to the horror of the Dutch, and to the astonishment of Europe, England threw in her lot with France and the insurgent Belgians, and sent

a fleet and army to place Leopold of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha over the new kingdom of Belgium. England was under special pledges to Holland, and a change in mood entitles a state no more than a man to cast aside deliberate undertakings and solemn pledges. In any case the Dutch have never forgotten or forgiven this amazing interposition. It rankles in their hearts as a perfidious betrayal. Without accepting Alison's lurid condemnation of Britain's conduct at that time, every impartial observer must feel how difficult it is to make the British policies of 1795, 1815, and 1830 consistent on any principle save that of British interests alone. For these interests the Dutch people were thrown aside at one time and the Dutch sovereign at another.

If the revolution of 1830 showed that the Dutch, like the English and Prussian members of their family, had never learned the gracious arts by which the forced obedience of subject races is raised into content and love, it had shown too that the old proud spirit of independence had not failed in Hol-

land. The country had already survived three great catastrophes. The Dutch had emerged from the war with Spain irrevocably severed from the Belgian people, from the civilization of Antwerp and Bruges and Brussels the true home of the arts in the North. When the war with Lewis the Fourteenth of France was over their naval power was shattered forever. The Napoleonic war had broken up their great colonial empire. Holland had not failed from within. Never was its naval efficiency greater, or its free spirit more heroic, than in 1672; and its fall came, not from the corruption of an enervated people, but from the immense violence of its effort, the accumulated forces arrayed against it, and the constant peril of its situation. There still remains to the Dutch the freedom of their country, to be defended against the next scheme of universal dominion, which they probably will contest in the spirit of William the Third, when he said, "I may fall, but I shall fight every ditch and die in the last one."

A. S. Green.

The Nineteenth Century.

THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.

Unconscious of the multitudes that press
He runs, responsive to the loving call;
From dimpled arms his cherished playthings fall
As, with obedience that is questionless,
He hastes to reach those hands out-spread to bless,
To gaze upon that face majestic
Yet meek, and sorrow-marred, wherein lies all
A father's love, a mother's tenderness.
With childlike, swift obedience may we,
Who hold earth's treasures all too closely still,
Let go our "great possessions" as Thou bidd'st—
Along the pathway of humility
Press on with eager feet to know Thy will,
Bearing in mind the child set in the midst.

The Sunday Magazine.

H. G.

THE PERISHING LAND.*

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE FRENCH OF RENE BAZIN.

XIV.

ANDRE DEPARTS.

No belated wayfarer, who had happened to glance, an hour afterward, at that confused mass of trees and farm-buildings—all silent and sombre as the fog that enveloped it—would ever have doubted that the entire establishment was wrapped in slumber. And yet, with the exception of the farm-lad, every one of its inmates was keeping vigil.

Mathurin was in so over-excited a state that he moved and talked perpetually. Long after the lamp was extinguished the father and son kept up conversation in their two beds, ranged side by side along the wall. Unable to speak of André's flight—the idea of which possessed his imagination with all the power and terror of a nightmare—the invalid roved from one subject to another, and his father strove in vain to quiet him.

"I tell you, father, I saw that rascal from the Bocage. He was a long way off, to be sure, but I hate him too badly to make a mistake. He was skulking about there like a thief—dressed in brown, with something red in his hat, like a couple of oak-leaves."

"You've made a mistake, Mathurin. Go to sleep!"

"They must have been oak-leaves. He used to stick them in his hat sometimes when he was here, to signify that he came from a country better wooded than this. The blackguard! Oh, if I could only have run!"

"You'd have caught nobody, my poor lad! Jean Nesmy is at home in

the Bocage. Why ever should he have come to the Marquis's auction?"

"To see my sister, of course! He may even have spoken with her, though I can't be sure of that, because it grew dark so fast between Rosette and me."

"How you harp upon your sister! You torment yourself too much about her, Mathurin. Go to sleep! They wouldn't have dared speak together. They know I will never give my consent."

The cripple lay silent for a few seconds only, and then began commenting upon the incidents of the afternoon. He mentioned the names of the men who had bowed to him in passing, and repeated what he had heard them say about the probable sale of Fromentière. He then went off upon his favorite theme of all that needed to be done for the improvement of the land and the changes which should be made in the terms of their lease, if they came to have a new landlord.

"Don't you see how much better I am? My back is straighter, and my breath is not so short! Did you notice how much weight I bore on my feet all the way home to-night?"

In the midst of these queries he kept stopping short and listening for sounds outside. He fancied he heard the echo of what was incessantly present in his mind: 'Driot leaving, for the last time, his bedroom at the far end of the house; 'Driot tiptoeing across the court, so as not to make a noise on the gravel; 'Driot passing the gate-

way hard by, and so vanishing forever—forever.

About midnight, Redstocking, who had been emitting low growls from time to time ever since nightfall, suddenly began barking loudly.

"What's the meaning of that?" said Toussaint Lumineau. "It sounds as though there were somebody inside our enclosure."

Mathurin lifted himself on his elbows without a sound, while the blood ebbed from his head and hands, leaving the latter cold.

"Don't you hear the dog?" persisted the farmer. "There are stragglers about for certain!"

"He's given to barking like mad at this time of the year," answered Mathurin. "I expect he can see the birds of passage high up in the sky."

The barking drew nearer—not furious, but joyous, like that of a dog who is off for a walk. Then there was the unmistakable sound of a footstep, and presently the dog began to whine, as though disappointed.

"They are stoning Redstocking," cried the farmer. "I'll see to that!"

"No, don't go! I don't want you to go! Stay where you are, father, pray!"

"Why not? I have done it many a time and never come to grief."

The old man had already thrust his legs out of bed, and was sitting on the counterpane listening for one instant before putting on his trousers and rushing to the door. The thought flashed through Mathurin's brain:

"That is my brother! One word from me and my father will be with him. Shall I say it?"

Six years of torture and humiliation before his juniors answered "No." He fell back upon his pillow with an accent of relief.

"It's not worth while. They're going off."

They could hear Redstocking galloping up the path which led to the high-

road, but he barked only at intervals and more feebly. He was plainly seeing the intruder off the domain.

The father lay down again, and as Mathurin seemed now to have become quiet, he soon fell asleep. It was a little past midnight.

Meanwhile, Rosette was up and still at work in her own room, with doors bolted and windows closed. She was waiting for him who had promised that he would come; and the thought of seeing him again, and of what she would say to him, as well as the reflection that it might be dangerous for Jean Nesmy if her father should discover his visit, sufficed to occupy the long hours during which the sound of talking between her father and Mathurin never entirely ceased.

"What can they be discussing so long?" said Rosette, to herself. She had not failed to open the wooden shutter of a small, narrow window pierced about breast-high in the thickness of the wall overlooking the threshing-floor, and usually fastened by an iron bar. She sat upon the edge of her bed, hemming a coarse linen working-apron, while the light of the candle beside her shone upward upon the face bent over her work—revealing, also, the waxed bed-posts and panels of the five wardrobes and the sides of the chests, from each one of which were reflected rays of a different hue—golden-brown from the surfaces of oak or nut-wood; a sort of violet sheen from the wild cherry, while a curious piece of furniture—which a certain grandmother of Rosette's, with ideas of her own, had ordered, made out of fine, white ash wood—emitted a still paler lustre. The self-same atmosphere which had enveloped the women of her race at their spinning, in bygone generations, caressed in that hour the thoughtful eyes of the last daughter of the Lumineau. Rosette never lost any time, but, repeatedly during that en-

forced vigil, she stopped short with suspended needle, or rose and crept softly upon her list slippers to the door of the pantry which communicated with the living-room, where they were talking so earnestly.

When all was hushed—even the barking of the dog—and the confused sound of human speech which had been audible through the crack at the door-sill, she still kept watch, but she could work no longer. She glanced about the chamber with a housewifely eye, thinking:

"Will he find it all tidy, and as he would wish to have his own future home?"

As she re-tied the neck-kерchief which she had put on because of the cold, a little shiver of fear seized her lest her father should suddenly appear, and then her features assumed the sterner look which they had worn when she did battle for Jean Nesmy. Rising once more, she took up the candlestick and set it on the window-ledge, which formed a sort of triangular shelf—like that before a loop-hole; then softly turned the shutter upon its hinges, while a whiff of ice-cold mist levelled and all but extinguished the flame. Rising upon tip-toe and pressing her hands to her temples she scanned the darkness of the threshing-floor to see whether he were already come, but nothing was discernible save the naked boughs of a couple of currant bushes which grew against the wall, and there was no sound of footsteps or signal of any kind.

A few seconds passed, during which the girl heard nothing save the dull sound of the drops of condensed fog falling from the edges of the tiled roofing upon the turf below. Then, suddenly, the branches were bent backward and a brown head issued out of the night and framed itself in the window, between the wall and the iron bar. The face was pale, but the eyes

laughed; though, dazzled by the sudden light, they were but half open.

"I thought," said Jean Nesmy, "that you were never coming. I was cold to my very bones and just going away!"

His accents were gleeful, and his eyes—as he opened them wider—bespoke all the exultation that was in his heart. But Rosette, a little subdued by her long hours of reflection, spoke more gravely:

"We must be quick. Father has only just fallen asleep. What if he were to hear us and come?"

But the young man scouted this fear, and neither did he give a thought to the orderly arrangement of the room. He saw only Rosette quaking slightly under her little cap, while the candle set between them illumined the eyes of both to their very depths.

"How sweet you are!" exclaimed the lad. "One would go a long way to see you! Mother Nesmy did not want me to come on account of the expense. But I told her I would rather go without bread. And it was true, Rosette."

She could not help smiling.

"You always knew how to pay compliments, Jean Nesmy, and I do not see much change in you."

"There is none," he answered, showing all his white teeth.

Her anxiety vanished. It seemed to them both as though they had never been separated, so perfectly did they understand one another. The flame of the candle trembled under their rapid exchange of words.

"Well, Rosette, how are we getting on? Are you happy?"

"Not very. There's more sorrow than joy at Fromentière just now. Here's our master sold all his furniture, as you know. It's very sad."

"Our nobles in the Bocage don't do that sort of thing," said Jean, throwing up his chin a little.

"And, besides," went on Rosette, "nothing has gone right here since

François went away. 'Driot can't be reconciled to not seeing him about Fromentière."

"What, not yet?"

"Not even yet! He seemed gay when he first came home, but to-night he cried! What could it have been about? Do you suppose that he is afraid that we, too, shall be sold, or is it something else? One never knows with 'Driot."

"Perhaps he is thinking of some girl hereabout."

"Oh, Jean, I only wish he would, for his sake and for our own; because his marriage would make way for ours. You see our only hope is in my brother André. I see it quite clearly, and every day since you went I have longed to tell you so. My poor Jean, if 'Driot doesn't marry, my hair will be white before our bans are published in your parish and ours. Father will never let me go, if there is no one to keep the house in my place. And as to our living here with Mathurin—why, he detests us both! There would be quarrelling at Fromentière! My father would never put us in charge of the farm if Mathurin were here."

"Does he ever say anything about me," asked Jean, "when he is at work?"

"I don't go into the fields very often," was the answer, "but I did once hear him say to my brother—the lame one—'Don't abuse the Boquin, Lumineau! I refused him my daughter and I did well, but he was a fine fellow to work, and he loved our land!'"

The face of the discharged servant flushed with pride, behind the iron bar.

"I loved everything here for your sake, Rosette. So André is determined not to marry?"

"I don't say that. He is very much disturbed in his mind, but time will pass, and he will be better by and by. André will be on our side yet. He was very kind to me the day your letter

came. He promised that he would help me, though he did not say how."

"Soon?"

"I almost think so," replied Rosette; "because he was very positive and seemed sure that he would be able to do it."

Then, dropping her voice—

"Did you hear anything?" she asked.

"Nothing at all."

"Somebody is moving in the bake-house."

"Rosette, look at me! There's nobody moving," said the Boquin.

Obedient, her fear cast out by love, she leaned once more toward the window, and even smiled, as she said:

"You are never afraid of anything! Where were you all that hour before I opened the shutter?"

"Between the trusses of straw. I never felt it colder when I was poaching. I was quite numb. And as I could see no light I lay down and took a bit of a nap."

"Really? What woke you?"

"Redstocking, barking after your servant."

"How do you mean—the servant?" exclaimed Rosette, in a startled tone. "I heard the dog bark, but I thought he was chasing a tramp—there are a good many in these parts—or else that he recognized you."

"But, Rosette, he has never barked at me since we two went hunting together. I am sure, however, that the man went out. I heard the latch fall, then I heard footsteps over yonder on the other side of the house, and I heard a stone roll. It was either the servant, I tell you, or your brother. I am certain that some man left Fromentière."

She turned a little pale and drew herself up.

"No," she said, "André does not poach, like you; and he never goes to Challans, as François used to do. Is it possible that Mathurin can have gotten up after father was asleep, to spy

upon us? Oh, Jean, be careful! Listen!"

"There is a noise in the bake-house," said Jean Nesmy.

The door moved slightly, and a bolt was stealthily drawn.

Rosette turned perfectly white. But she had brave blood in her veins; and, holding the candle at arm's length, she traversed the room without a sound, withdrew her own bolt cautiously, and suddenly opened the door.

A shadow moved, flitted round the room, and came back to Rosette, who recognized Redstocking.

"Why, where did you come from?" she murmured; "and what were you doing there?" Then, as a strong current of air rushed in from the adjoining room: "The outer door was open!"

The young girl cast one look behind her at the face of Jean Nesmy in the window, before she advanced into the bake-house. The straw, the kneading-trough, the ladder leading to the corn-loft, the faggots piled for the next baking, were all just as usual; but the door leading to the last room of all—André's room—was open. And still Rosette pressed on, shielding with her hand the candle which was all but extinguished by the wind that came in from the courtyard. Yes, André had gone out. She hurried to the bed; no one had lain there, and a terrible doubt seized her, which she thrust away. Then she thought of François, and of André's tears and trouble of the evening before, and, "Oh, my God!" she whispered, as she stooped and held her candle so as to see under the bed where André always kept his two pairs of shoes and his riding boots. All were gone. She opened his chest; it was empty. She then returned to the bake-house, and climbed the short ladder into the corn-loft, where the little black trunk should have been which her brother had brought back from Africa; and she held her candle high, but there was no

trunk there. All the circumstances agreed. The disaster was sure.

There was no keeping the secret, and, plunging hastily down, she shouted, "Father!"

A voice, muffled by the intervening walls, answered:

"What's the matter?"

"'Driot is not here!" and, crying as she ran, she crossed her own room again, giving only one look at the shadowy face outside the window.

"Good-bye, Jean Nesmy," she said, without pausing. "Do not come back ever! We are lost!" and so disappeared into the pantry and opened the door leading to the great living-room where her father slept. He was already out of bed, bare-footed, and buttoning his old working trousers over his shirt, which was open at the neck. Wakened out of his first slumber, and only half-comprehending what he had heard, he came forward—a stern apparition into the light shed by his daughter's candle.

"Why do you shout so?" he said. "He can't be far off!"

But when he saw Rosette's wild face, he, too, thought of François, and trembled as he followed her.

Together they traversed the whole length of the house, but when they had reached André's room Rosette fell back to let her father precede her. He did not go far. One glance at the smooth bed sufficed him. For an instant he stood motionless, tears blinding his eyes, then staggered toward the door communicating with the courtyard and grasped the two jambs for support. There he drew one deep breath, as though meaning to shout out into the night, but the only sound that issued from his lips was a stifled and barely intelligible "My 'Driot!"—a shiver seized him and the big, old man fell down in a dead faint.

At the same instant Mathurin came tumbling from the interior of the house, swearing loudly, and knocking his head

and his crutches against the walls and the furniture.

"Help me, Rosette!" he shouted. "I want to see!"

But Rosette was kneeling by their

father, kissing him and weeping bitterly, while the farm-lad, awakened by the noise, was coming across the court with a lantern.

(*To be continued.*)

PUER PARVULUS.

There was no actual cult of the infant Saviour till the thirteenth century. Bonaventura, the "seraphic doctor," relates how the wish came to St. Francis of Assisi so to commemorate the birth of Christ as to move the people to devotion. This wish he prepared to carry out at the castle of Grescio with the greatest solemnity. That there might be no murmurs he first sought the permission of the Pope, after which he put hay in a manger and caused the ox and the ass to be brought to the place, and around there was a great multitude. It was a most beautiful night and many lamps were lit, and all the wood resounded with the solemn sound of the songs chanted by the religious brothers. The Man of God stood before the manger full of ineffable sweetness, weeping for holy joy. On a dais raised above the manger Mass was said, and the blessed Francis chanted the holy Gospel and preached to the people on the Nativity of Our Lord, whom he called, on this occasion, *lo Bambin de Belem*, out of the tenderness of great love.¹

It was the mission, if not the conscious object, of Francis of Assisi to develop the latent democratic forces of Catholicism; and he foresaw, with the insight of men of faith, the place

which the manger of the Babe of Bethlehem would conquer in the affections of the southern rural masses. Easter is the great popular feast in the Eastern Church, Christmas in the Latin—especially in Italy. One is the feast of the next world, the other of this. Italians are fond of this world. Then, too, what could appeal more strongly to followers of the plough, keepers of the sheepfold, than the image of the Child born "*fra il bue e l'asinello*?" The poverty of the Holy Family, on which no emphasis is laid in the Gospels, is dwelt upon constantly in the later literature of the Nativity; the simple explanation of the birth in the stable—that there was no room at the inn—is left out of sight. The Italian peasant thinks, and draws patience from the thought, that Joseph and Mary could not afford to pay for a better lodging.

The erection of the first manger or *presepio* in the Castle of Grescio was painted by Giotto in one of his frescoes in the upper church at Assisi. He represents the Saint in the act of constructing the manger, when the image of the Child Jesus, which he holds in in his arms, miraculously wakes to life. But the influence of the *presepio* in art had been felt before that; it may be

¹ It occurred to me, after writing these pages, that the institution of the *Presepio* was probably the crystallisation of haunting memories carried away by St. Francis from the real Bethlehem—where still we seem to be so much nearer to the "sweet story of old" than in any

other spot in Palestine. M. Paul Sabatier has been so kind as to send me the following dates, which coincide well with this idea:—Journey of St. Francis in the East, 1219–1220; institution of the *Presepio* at the Castle of Grescio, December 24th, 1224.

perceived in the Nativity, which Nicolo Pisano carved on the pulpit of the Baptistery at Pisa. Though it is not necessary to connect every artistic presentation of the Nativity with the custom which soon prevailed in every household of erecting a manger at Christmas, it is yet plain that there was an intimate relationship between the two. Both the *presepi* and the treatment of the subject in art tended to become more elaborate. In the fifteenth century Benozzo Gozzoli introduced trees, birds and other natural things and, in stead of wintry snows, the earth was shown breaking into blossom. By and by, the train of pilgrims increased, and the whole world was displayed on the march. The great Nativity of Bernardino Luini at Saronno illustrates this development of the once simple theme. Convents and rich families began to spend lavishly on their Christmas shows; increased care was bestowed on the scenery; Jerusalem, the holy city, appeared in the distance, and the perspective was managed with such skill that a surprising effect of length was given to the motley procession which wound down the mountain road. Trees, flowers, and animals enlivened the foreground. A magnificent specimen is preserved in the Certosa di San Martino above Naples. The lasting popularity of these exhibitions is proved by the fact that, a few winters ago, a moving mechanical *presepio* was shown at Milan, in which the figures were marionettes. It was a pretty sight, and so discreetly arranged that it secured the patronage of the high ecclesiastical authorities. At the day performance the little theatre was always full of children and their nurses. Unfortunately, after the Nativity came a scene of the Massacre of the Innocents, with real screams—almost as blood-curdling as the screams in "Tosca." But it was all much appreciated by the audience; for children bear out

the remark of St. Augustine that people like that best on the stage which most harrows their feelings. Some slight movement of the figures is attempted now even in the churches; the three kings, for instance, are made to canter round on their mules, re-appearing at suitable intervals. There is no doubt that among the poor this kind of spectacle excites deeply-religious feelings. I shall not forget the passionate face of one young girl kneeling before a *presepio*; of what was she telling the Virgin Mother? The rich, if they go from habit, yet are touched—at least by those memories of childhood which are so close to religion.

It cannot be denied, however, that, besides its devotional aspect, the *presepio* has always attracted the multitude as a beautiful show. Machiavelli mentions a gorgeous Nativity exhibited in 1466 "to give the people something else beside public affairs to think about." Travellers came from far away to see such exhibitions. In 1587 Tasso visited the *presepio* erected by Pope Sixtus V in Santa Maria Magiore—once called *S. Maria ad praesepe*, from its containing five boards which are said to have composed the original manger at Bethlehem. Of all the pictured mangers, however, that which has obtained the widest fame is the one displayed at Santa Maria in Ara-cell. Lady Morgan and an infinite number of writers have described it. The figures are life-size, and the image of the Babe is that Santissimo Bambino which legend reports to have been carved from the branch of a tree on the Mount of Olives by a Franciscan friar, and painted miraculously, though not artistically, by St. Luke. The other day I went to see the Bambino, and asked the lay brother in attendance whether it still was taken out to visit the sick when mortal hope was past? "Oh, yes," he replied, "it went out yesterday."

"Are there many cures?" I asked.

"Certainly there are," was the answer, and no doubt a true one, for life may often be saved by raising the patient's morale. The image is covered with jewels, the gifts of the grateful.

No place, except "Betelem, che 'l gran parto accolse in grembo," has so good a traditional right to be associated with Christmas as Santa Maria in Araceli. This right rests on a story which it is said can be traced to the eighth century, but I do not know where to look for mention of it before the fourteenth. The story runs thus: When the question was proposed by the Roman Senate of deifying Augustus, the Emperor consulted a Sibyl (or soothsayer) as to whether any one alive were greater than he. After the Sibyl had performed some invocations, a vision appeared of a circle, in which was a woman holding a little child. "This child," said the Sibyl, "is greater than thou." At the same time a voice was heard saying, "Here is the altar of Heaven." These things happened on the first Christmas Day. Augustus built an altar on the spot, which was afterwards converted into the present Church.

In the octave of Christmas little Roman children still "preach," as it is called, before the Holy Child: a sight which, even more than the *presepio* itself, draws crowds to the Araceli; for, like all children of the south, they say their "pieces" with an infinite charm that raises half a smile and half a tear. Almost as soon as the institution of the manger, there grew up the custom of speaking or singing before it; the privilege of expounding the event which it represented passed from friars or priests to peasants and children, but this added to the essentially-popular character of the rite; it became, as it were, a little Mass of the poor and pious laity. Lullabies were written to be sung to the Infant Jesus, many of

them being composed in the person of the Virgin, and even believed by the people to have been sung by her,—a tradition perhaps known to Coleridge when he wrote:—

A mother's song the Virgin Mother
sung.

One beautiful Latin lullaby was revered, in particular, as the Virgin's own song, but there is no proof that any sacred *ninne nanne* existed before the lovely specimens written by the Franciscan Fra Jacopone da Todl, who lived in the same century as his master, and who is famous as author of the "Stabat Mater." The poor friar showed an almost inspired knowledge of a mother's heart; he almost fathomed the unfathomable, a mother's love. Umbria, with its sun-painted hills, so like the hills of Palestine, gave birth to the chosen saint, poet and painter of the Holy Child: Francis, Jacopone and Raphael.

In the steps of Fra Jacopone followed a great company, ranging from immortal poets to the humblest folk-minstrel. Milton played his organ, Herrick his pipe, Crashaw his viol, with pathetic tones. If Crashaw lacked the great Puritan's majestic sweep, he approached more nearly to that impassioned fervor, joined to a kind of confidential familiarity, which is the note of the early Italian Christmas songs. His "Hymn sung by the shepherds in the Holy Nativity of our Lord God" alternates between the homely and the sublime between the vision to the mortal eye—

Poor world (said I), what will thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold, and not too cleanly, manager?

to the spiritual vision—

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal Day,

We saw thine eyes break from their
East

And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee and we blest the sight,
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

A lesser poet, Patrick Carey, whose poems, written in the seventeenth century, were first published by Sir Walter Scott, composed one charming verse:

Look, how he shakes for cold,
How pale his lips are grown,
Wherein his limbs to fold,
Yet mantle has he none.
His pretty feet and hands
(Of late more pure and white
Than is the snow
That pains him so)
Have lost their candour quite.

This is very like the Italian folk-lullabies, though it is improbable that Carey was acquainted with them. They were known, no doubt, to Mrs. Browning; but her poem called "The Virgin Mary to the Child Jesus" has other thoughts than those of the Italian folk-singer, who would prefer Raphael's healthy Babe with the goldfinch to the English poet's "child without the heart for play."

The songs and carols of the Holy Nativity cannot be even counted here. Saboly, the Provençal poet, called the *Troubadour de Betelèm*, alone wrote one hundred and ten. From the point of view of literature, the finest Christmas poem, since Milton's time, is the "Natale" of Alessandro Manzoni, the following lines from which are considered by Italian critics an incomparable specimen of the "grand style":—

L'angiol del ciel agl' uomini
Nunzio di tanta sorte,
Non del potenti volgesi
Alle vegliate porte;
Ma fra i pastor devoti
Al duro mondo ignoti,
Subito in luce appar!

Here every word tells, and every word is noble and simple. The senti-

ment is purely Franciscan: the great welling-up sentiment of democracy. I cannot read these lines without thinking of one of the grand democratic perorations of Fra Agostino da Montefeltro, the humble brother whose eloquent voice has so often crowded the city churches of Italy, not only with the faithful, but with all the "sheep out of the stable"—as a Milanese friend of mine designates "Jews, Turks, and Infidels," in what he believes to be most idiomatic English.

Nativity interludes and plays existed before the time of St. Francis; the first extant regular drama performed at Christmas belongs to the precious manuscript of the Abbey of Saint-Benoît-sur-Loire, and it is one of the earliest specimens of a modern drama (as distinguished from mere dialogues) which we possess. Hrotswitha's imitations of Terence alone preceded it. The Saint-Benoît play is called "Hérode." The shepherds (rather neglected in earlier art and literature) now make their appearance and describe how they have found the Babe lying between two dumb animals. The three kings follow with their offerings, which they present almost in the words of the Greek Christian poet Synesius: "Oh, King, take this gold. Gold is the symbol of kings. Take the myrrh. Myrrh is the symbol of tombs. Take the incense, for thou art truly God." The Infant Jesus is brought out to them, not by the Virgin, but by two nurses; the non-appearance of the Madonna is, perhaps, to be attributed to a scruple, soon to disappear, as to showing her in the first moments of her motherhood.

If, however, Nativity mysteries existed before the *presepio*, they increased a hundred-fold after the veneration of the Infant Savior became a common practice. The Cumæan Sibyl usually appeared in them, accompanied by Virgil; and Moses and Aaron, all the

prophets, King David, Nebuchadnezzar, as well as Balaam's ass (with a little boy inside it), combined to make up what was dear to the mediæval playgoer, an enormously long list of personages. All of these figured in a mystery which was still performed a few years ago in Rouen Cathedral. In one Christmas play a hymn was sung to Venus—even in the Tempio Malatestiano at Rimini the riot of emancipated fancy scarcely could go further. Miracle plays are supposed to have been invented by monks to draw the people away from the attractions of the ancient comedy, but the cure was at times worse than the disease. For what we should call downright profanity, nothing can equal these fruits of the ages of faith. And yet, in the rampant license of the mediæval mystery lay the germ of the splendid freedom of the Elizabethan theatre. It must be admitted, too, that in spite of extravagance, the miracle plays show, here and there, a true dramatic instinct which we might realize to a fuller extent if we could see them acted. Many travellers go to the wonderful plastic presentment of the Gospel story on the Sacro Monte of Varallo with minds set against it, but few come away without having received an ineffaceable impression. The same thing happens at Ober Ammergau, and even at the ruder performances given by Tyrolean peasants whose mystic plays have not been improved to meet the demands of modern taste.

Still more popular than the Nativity play was the idyl, eclogue, or pastoral (as it was variously called), which treated only the episode of the shepherds. Some good examples were written by the Spanish poet, Juan de la Encina, towards the end of the fifteenth century; his shepherds, instead of being theologians in sheepskin, are taken straight from the brown Spanish hill-side; they sit round the fire of dry

twigs and fragrant plants; they play dice for chestnuts, swear by the evangelists and discuss such local matters as the death of the sacristan—when, suddenly, an angel announces the birth of Christ, and they all set off for Bethlehem as if it were the next parish. A Portuguese named Gil Vicente, who often wrote in Spanish, also produced some realistic idyls, in which people talk of friars, hermits, breviaries, calendars, and papal bulls. After signing themselves with the cross the shepherds go to sleep; while they are asleep angels begin to sing, which wakes one old shepherd of the name of Gil, who rouses his comrade Bras, and tells him that he has heard angelic strains.

"Are you sure," says Bras, "that it was not crickets?"

Gil scorns the suggestion, and orders the others to go immediately to the village to buy a pipe, guitar, and flageolet, and a baby's whistle, as presents for the Infant Christ.

Innumerable Christmas pastorals sprang up in Italy in the seventeenth century; every person with a pen made a point of writing one, from the poet of reputation to the obscure village priest. Some of these pieces were set to music by famous composers (alas, where is their fame now?), in which form they came to be called oratorios, from the oratories of St. Philip Neri, where they were performed. Thus an epoch-marking word came into currency; in the aisles of the future sounded the grand choruses of Handel and the thrilling flute-notes of Don Lorenzo Perosi.

When the taste for bucolics declined, the pious pastorals suffered the same fate as the rest, but the peasants clung to them, and in some mountain villages of Piedmont they are still performed on the Christmas night.

Taine said that the true religion of Italy was the worship of the Madonna, and another writer, E. Gebhart, said

that the true God of Italy was the Bambino. Since they wrote thus, socialism has invaded the cottage, and indifferentism has taken possession of the palace, and yet the heart of the people is unchanged; one thinks of Byron's lines, which seem to have acquired a new and deeper meaning:—

But in a higher niche, alone but crowned,
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born Child,
The Contemporary Review.

With her Son in blessed arms
looked round;
Spared by some chance when all beside was spoiled;
She made the earth below seem noly ground.
This may seem superstition, weak or wild,
But even the faintest relics of a shrine
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco.

PRESIDENT LOUBET.

President Loubet has been long enough at the *musée* to show his fitness for the high functions he discharges. He was elected in a hurry, and his election was a great deal due to a sudden thought fired off in a newspaper by a statesman no longer in politics, M. Clémenceau. M. Clémenceau, as he was going to bed late one night received a visit from a friend who is a member of the Chamber.

"I am," he said, "perplexed to think for whom I should vote. Brisson, having been defeated by Deschanel in the run for the presidency of the Chamber, has no chance. We must not risk letting Méline come in, whatever we do. It unfortunately happens that he has every chance if we put forward a Deputy."

M. Clémenceau thought a moment, and the name, standing, and qualifications of Loubet flashed across his mind.

"Let it be," said he, "Loubet. All Republicans, worthy of the name, can agree on him. He is sound from a conviction of innocence in the Dreyfus case, but as he has not had occasion publicly to air his opinions he has not excited animosity. Nor will he before

the election, which will be on in some hours, takes place. He has just the temper and mental complexion that are good for the office, and knows the ropes in both Chambers. Yes, let it be Loubet."

The visitor asked Clémenceau whether *L'Aurore* had gone to press, for if not he could go at once to that journal with a paragraph giving the pith of M. Clémenceau's remarks. The latter said, "Try," and then and there wrote the paragraph which ended in these words: "Mon Candidat est Loubet." He laughed as he read, because not an elector. It appeared next morning rather late, in consequence of a stop-press to get it in, but all the better, as there was not time to combat the suggestion. All the electors read the *Aurore* on the way to Versailles. Every one who wished the Dreyfus affair settled answered M. Clémenceau's whip and, mentally at any rate, repeated his words, "Mon Candidat est Loubet." And so in the afternoon of the same day M. Loubet came back to Paris President of the Republic.

What manner of man is Loubet? To the eye he is short, thick-set, manly;

a patient man, one can see, with the tenacity that is so often associated with patience. He is a citizen rather than a gentleman. The countenance shows him to be a man of strong sense. His eye is extremely shrewd, and an eye to read a human being as one reads a book, but there is sometimes a dreamy and poetic eye that reveals deep intuition; it is also a very kind eye: there is something in it that reminds one of the fidelity and watchfulness of the shepherd's dog. I noticed this before I heard that the name *loubet* is given in the Cevennes to a dog of this species.

The President has shown good judgment, in small things and great, since he went to the Elysée. He is sagacious, and has in a rare degree the kind of truthfulness that shows itself in an unborrowed demeanor. I do not say that in a close game of law or politics—for he is advocate and politician by thirty-five years' practice—he would not turn or strain an inconvenient truth. If his manners are plain, and his accent that of his native province, his mental culture is high. He has in conversation the direct, though not in any wise rude, speech of one who has led a busy life in the thick of human struggles. Self-assurance and ease have helped him on. But the former is not marred by excess or by any taint of egotism. Complexion and a good deal else in appearance are southern. The climate of M. Loubet's part of the Drôme is the same as that of Burgos in Spain.

The President has long kept company on an equal footing with the greatest. He is in and of every sphere in which he ever moved, from farmer of the class of English yeomen and small *bourgeois* upwards. He had long stood high before he went to the Elysée. The successive stepping-stones thither were the functions of Mayor of Montélimar, where he kept on his law business up to a recent date; Chairman of the Coun-

ty Council of the Drôme; Deputy and then Senator for that Department; Minister of the Interior; President of the Senate. He drew, it will be observed, his chief strength from his native Department. This proves sterling qualities, for there he lived in a glass house. Had he been an intriguing self-seeker he could not have borne the scrutiny of a gossiping county town where reputations are pulled about in *cafés*.

At Montélimar the President has never ceased to be "Monsieur Emile." He was, in a southern way, on hail-fellow-well-met terms with his fellow-townsmen. Nobody could charge Monsieur Emile with being proud or condescending. In public and in private he was, and remains, as unaffected as the late Sir Isaac Holden in or out of Parliament. He has the same sort of homely simplicity. If he had friends all over the Department it was because he was friendly and not disputatious.

As he mounted in the world he seemed more bound to the people among whom he grew up. All his holidays were spent among them. He was a model Mayor and President of the County Council. In both offices he evinced financial resource and ingenuity. The local taxes were notably reduced in consequence of his good administration and measures he proposed. And yet he was forward in promoting improvements. In Parliament he had no opportunity to turn his financial ability to account.

Before M. Loubet accepted, last spring, an invitation to visit Montélimar as President of the Republic, he stipulated that his advent there was not to cost the tax-payers a centime. If there were public festivities, they must be paid for by voluntary subscriptions. An appeal was made to the townspeople by the actual Mayor. It was responded to in the heartiest way. More than what was wanted was subscribed. Owners of woods and gardens sent

greenery and flowers for arches of triumph, the commander of the garrison sent soldiers to help in setting them up. One way or another, the town was bright with picturesque adornment. The inhabitants seemed one hearty, happy, affectionate family, of whom "Monsieur Emile" was the head.

I fancy I discern in M. Loubet traits of Horace as he appeared in his Sabine farm. The disposition of the President, like that of the most finished of the Latin poets, is sunny. He is moral without being censorious; attentive to business, yet of an easy-going philosophy which has keen insight into essentials. He is a kindly neighbor, was always a friend of liberty, and, liking to live out his own life according to his natural bent, would gladly extend the freedom he prizes to others. What sufficed his frugal ancestors would suffice him, even now. He was thrown out of their groove by paternal will, and has, throughout his career, in the bottom of his heart, reverted to it. Luxury to M. Loubet is a dull, heavy load.

M. Loubet is not a great man, but he is well poised, and has many qualities, each excellent or admirable, which form a rare combination. Few public men have kept more free from exaggeration of every sort. He has true and gentle humanity, guided by a shrewd and lucid judgment, and in obeying the impulse of his unpretending goodness he is not to be deterred by fear of obloquy. His unhesitating kindness to the child and wife of the so-called Anarchist Monod, in face of a possible attack by the *Petit Journal*, will be long remembered.

It may seem miraculous to distant on-lookers that the President should have, through all those years of political life, kept so transparent, unworldly, and really so unambitious. I think a great part of his success and his persistent goodness is due to his not hav-

ing too long a head. He deals with the evil or the good as it arises. This is the agricultural state of mind. The husbandman delves the soil and sows the seed, but he must leave to Providence how to dispose of the winds and rains, the frosts and snows. He is a fatalist in all but immediate action. Most of the crimes that have ever been committed, most of the hardness of heart contracted, have come from fear of what the future may bring forth. Then, like most rustics, M. Loubet's wants are few. His heart is in the right place, and warmed with family affections and local attachments. Scholarly tastes have eliminated any rural coarseness. And then he has had a good-hearted, unpretending, handsome wife, whose sentiments matched with his own. She had no ambition to shine as a fine lady, though by her comely beauty, her tact, her good school education, she was qualified to shine in society. Madame Loubet, now a grandmother, is still a handsome brunette. She is reposeful, and takes her place among the great ones of the world with ease and quiet dignity.

M. Loubet's greatest enjoyment is, and has long been, in reading. His library is not extensive but choice. Most of his recreative books are old, familiar friends. He looks on style as the highest quality in writing, because it shows native qualities from which the dross and *scoriae* have been well cleared. Style is the quality of the fine mind, freed and chastened, not by scholarship merely, but in the school of trying circumstances. There is first intuition, and then extensive or intense experience to feed or sublimate it. There is a heart of some sort in every book that has style. When President of the Senate M. Loubet had a rare good time, because he could devote his evenings to reading. The reading was silent but must have been quiet criticism, as most of the books had

been read over and over again, and each time with fresh pleasure. His flats in the Rue Jacob and the Rue Seine were not spacious enough to admit of much reading of the contemplative kind in which, as he goes on, the reader thinks out a book of his own. The one in the Rue Jacob was in the midst of the Students' Quarter. M. Loubet lodged there in youth, when qualifying for his degree of Doctor of Laws. He was under a rent of 3000 francs a year in the Rue de Seine—a very small rent for Paris. The house was new. He had on a second floor a *salon* with two windows, a dining-room with one, a bedroom facing on the street, and two smaller ones on the courtyard. The dining-room was the family sitting-room, for M. Loubet had to receive clients, fellow Deputies or Senators, and electors and other visitors in the *salon*. It was his office, study, library.

Madame Loubet received there her friends in the evening, or, when M. Loubet had business on hand, in her bedroom. They made friendships with neighbors on other flats. When M. Loubet found himself President of the Republic he wrote charming letters to them, to express the hope that his altered situation might not lead them to suppose there could be any change in their relations with him and his family. They were excellent, unpretending people, like himself, and essentially middle class. All his friends and neighbors rejoiced truly at his election. The only member of his inner circle who did not was his mother. She failed to see how his being President would conduce to his happiness, and she knew it would lessen his opportunities to come and stay with her at the farmhouse at Marsanne when he drew his last breath. He has been ever a dutiful and affectionate son, and is still docile as a child in obeying his mother. One of his first thoughts on being named President

was to send her a photograph enlarged to life size, and in a handsome gilt frame, to be hung up in her parlor. When he was President of the Senate she was busy baking the week's bread as he unexpectedly dropped in from Paris. She asked him to watch the oven while she was arranging to add something to the family dinner. M. Loubet obediently put on her wide blue apron, and sat patiently attending to the loaves until relieved. In England, I fear, this illustrative anecdote will not enhance the general opinion of the President. I am not sure that English admirers of the Latin poets will feel in what a degree M. Loubet is a man after the heart of Horace or of Virgil.

By the way, Dauphiné and Provence were colonized by Roman legionaries. A good deal of Rome remains in the intuitions and customs of the people. Paternal authority is on a stronger basis there than in any other part of France. Maternal authority has its far-back root in reverence for the Virgin Mary. Sons and daughters hold their mother in religious affection. She is the *Bona Dea* of family life. Marriage in no degree diminishes the cult. Indeed, this mother-worship strengthens other family ties. It is a far higher cult than the chivalrous idolatry of woman, which tended to concentrate itself on the lady, to the disparagement and detriment of every woman whose lot lay in hard lines. The mother-worshipper Loubet is a faultless husband, father, brother, uncle, and obliging friend. His son-in-law, a member of the Marseilles judiciary, calls him "an adorable father-in-law."

M. Loubet has surely no reason to complain of his lot. Nor does he. But he has the sense of disappointment which a crossed vocation gives. He wanted to be a farmer, but his father said, "The law is a better sphere for a fellow of your parts than a farm: your

shrewdness will be better employed in law than in detecting flaws in horses." Emile obeyed, so did Auguste his brother, who, in obedience to the paternal will, became a doctor, but has been able to retire to a farm near Grignan, also in the Drôme. The President longs for rural life—not life as in a *château*, but in a yeoman's homestead. At an agricultural show last spring he fell in with some Dauphiné farmers, and was the same old "Monsieur Emile" whom they had known at Montélimar.

"I suppose," said one of them, "you are now fixed for life in Paris?"

"Not if I live more than seven years, should I remain President so long. I do not intend to stand again. What I long for and mean to do is, when I quit the Elysée, to go to end my life at Marsanne on the old farm."

M. Loubet's local attachments have never relaxed. He is devoted to Dauphiné, with the Rhône, the most majestic of rivers, in front, and a lordly mountain range rising to the highest Alps behind. He sees no beauty in the grayish sky of Northern France. The frequent haze that casts a silvery gauze over the prospect seems to him to blur it, and makes him shiver. He wants clear, well-accentuated outlines, and the ragged, perfumed fields of the south. The silvery olive-trees, with their unfailing crop, begins in the Drôme. Most natural objects there seem unruly, and bent on acting just as they please. The broad-leaved fig is rebellious to the pruning-knife and the most eccentric-looking of fruit-trees, but it brings forth so abundantly its purple fruit that one may buy a basketful of figs for three half-pence. The vine sprawls about and clambers, untidy, fruitful, generous, and a true child of the sun. Pumpkins climb over cottages, and adorn the roofs with gorgeous yellow balls that look like *rant oranges*. The sheep are as ragged

as the perfumed *upland*, where they feed on thyme, marjoram, sage, southern-wood. All the rivers, save the Rhône—the most impetuous and unruly of all—shift their beds often and swell with floods or shrink into brooklets in wide stretches of shingle; the only things that bear the human stamp are the regularly-planted and trimly-pollarded mulberry-trees. They are so pruned and shaped as to offer the least resistance to the mistral, and bear the largest quantity of foliage without interfering with the ground crop. Peaches and apricots grow in the arable land as in northern climates in the garden. M. Loubet likes to dwell on these features of the district in which he grew up, which is the south-central part of the Drôme. He was glad to run away there for a few days from Rambouillet, and to dine on trout and *bec-figues*—a bird smaller than a quail, that tastes of the figs on which it feeds in autumn.

Marsanne is on rising ground, backed by forest, and fifteen miles east from Montélimar. The home where M. Loubet was born faces towards a square court, formed by the house and farm buildings. The house has its back to meadows in a soft vale through which a river, of small consequence unless to fertilize, runs. The residential part of the homestead is hardly distinguishable on the outside from the offices, which are untidily kept, but still indicative of good husbandry and gear. All the windows of the ground floor are on the court, a precaution against burglars; but there is a row of windows on the first floor looking on the meadows.

There is no pretension anywhere to style. Poultry, calves and pigs have the freedom of the spacious court, which is fanned by poplars. Ducks swim in a central pond. One enters the house by a wide kitchen smoked a rich brown, like a well-used pipe. A parlor, stiffly furnished, is at one side; an old, massive oak staircase, that leads to a

second sitting-room and the bedrooms, is on the other. The farm is provided with a bakehouse, and wine and olive presses. Egypt is not more plagued with flies in warm weather, but nobody minds them. M. Loubet is an optimist about all drawbacks to life in the Drôme; he says that flies are the scavengers of the air and keep it pure. Perhaps they do.

M. Loubet was born to luck and the *Elysée* in 1838, and the late Comte de Paris seemingly to a throne. The grandson of Louis Philippe and the son of Auguste Loubet, farmer and Mayor of Marsanne, had rival destinies. The rivalry has only come out since the Duc d'Orléans has stepped into his father's shoes. No Royalist has ever been struck with the fact that the Prince apparently destined to a throne and the actual President were born in the same year. But the Royalists and society that goes with them detest M. Loubet as they detested no former President. He crossed their path in coming in when their high hopes in M. Félix Faure had been suddenly blighted by his death. As the present head of the State cares not for all they most value they can have no chance for bringing him round. He is the most Republican President France ever had, because the plainest liver and the most indifferent to artificial distinctions. Being used to great situations, he knows exactly what to do in public or in private, and under all unforeseen circumstances trusts to his own good sense, which is generally backed by good feeling. He is sure to say the apposite thing, and in neat, plain terms that have a beauty, because so well fitted to express his meaning.

I have spoken of the year of M. Loubet's birth in connection with that of the Comte de Paris, who was destined to die in exile. Madame Loubet *mère* remembers how the news of the Comte's birth was, late in a hot Au-

gust, sent by telegraph to Valence, where she was staying. In returning home all the towns she passed through were illuminated, and the people dancing on the village-green. The event was thus celebrated by request of the prefects, sub-prefects, and mayors. But the *châteaux* gave no sign. She wondered whether mother and child would be the better for the rejoicing. The future President was not born until the clock was almost on the stroke of midnight on New Year's Eve. He just missed being a New Year's gift. But, as the neighbors remarked, the clock at Marsanne "was apt to be slow. If it was so on this occasion, the infant would be under the protection of the Innocents whom Herod slew. What better protection could he have above?"

The President's father and mother were religious, but not bigoted, Catholics. He was first sent to a school kept by priests at Valence, as a preparation for a *lycée*. I believe he remains Catholic, but is not "Clerical." His life is that of a religious man—a life in which morality is softened by religion. In the Dreyfus affair he has shown moral courage. He can be stubborn and face positive danger bravely. He did so in going to the Grand Prix race after the assault on him by Baron Christiani in the State tribune at Auteuil race-course. M. Faure capitulated where M. Loubet has stood firm. From the outset of his Presidential career he has had to face Royalist rascality. I never saw a more sickening mob than the one which awaited his return from the Presidential election at Versailles. One might think that all the people of style turned out to see him pilloried. His cavalry escort was small protection from missiles. The roughs that pounced upon the carriage were not poor wretches, merely hired by the fine folks to fling bad apples and eggs and shout "Panama!" They were not as

numerous as the "Royalist youngsters," and not nearly so rough or daring.

It is unfortunately true that M. Loubet sought, as Minister of the Interior in the Ribot Cabinet, to screen 124 Deputies who took bribes from the Panama Company. But so did his fellow Ministers; so did M. Carnot, so did M. Brisson, both men of stainless personal integrity. The fact that both Chambers elect the President makes members too apt to wink at each other's shortcomings. They all try to be the best friends behind the scenes. Each has a chance of winning the grand prize—the Presidentship of the Republic. Nobody wants to alienate a future elector. All are anxious to miss no chance of being elected. Apart from such motives, it was thought the Republic would sink under the weight of obloquy were bribery brought home to the 124. There are also "extenuating circumstances." Paris is one of the dearest capitals in Europe. The struggling must lead austere lives; the rich are tempted in every direction to plunge into luxury. Wealthy people from all parts of the world come to enjoy material pleasures in Paris, where they take a lighter character and seem less gross than anywhere else. It was very hard for country deputies, who were professional men and had given up their practice, to live decently in Paris on their salaries. M. and Madame Loubet had the courage to keep plain, and they early rose to high official station; they also had other means than the 25 francs a day. But deputies of narrow incomes, who had wives young enough to enjoy fashionable life, felt miserably off. M. Loubet's kind heart would have ached at the straits to which some of the 124 were reduced.

The President never fingered a centime of Panama money, or derived profit from M. Lesseps' bubble; the cry

of "Panama!" is raised against him in bad faith by the Royalists.

Royalist animosity has stopped an innocent daily pleasure of the President. He is fond of walking or riding in or on the top of omnibuses. But, with white-carnation aristocrats about, it would not now be safe to go about on foot, as he used when President of the Senate. He then often strolled down to the quays, glanced there at second-hand books, picked up, perhaps, a book that he wanted, crossed the Seine into the Tuileries Gardens, and went on to the Boulevard des Italiens, where he took the Batignoles-Odéon omnibus that took him back home. He was also fond of walking to the Arc de Triomphe, looking there at the sunset, and sauntering down the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, at the end of which he took a cab. He jobbed a carriage, but seldom used it unless he wanted to go somewhere with Madame Loubet. He has taken on M. Faure's carriages and horses, but he is not fond of riding in the high-hung landau and four. If he took it when he paid, in the Easter holidays a visit to Montélimar, it was because his old friends, neighbors, and clients there longed to see him in full Presidential state. The magnificent vehicle and team were sent a few days beforehand to see how they could work in the narrow, crooked streets there. They had to be led, and cavalry could not surround them, only go before and behind. "Monsieur Emile" was in this equipage going to the mayoralty when he looked at the familiar garden wall, and saw on a scaffold behind it his aged mother. He called to his coachman to stop, got down, entered by a wicket, mounted the scaffolding; hugging to his heart the old lady, held his forehead down for her to kiss it. They then exchanged kisses on both cheeks. Montélimar was transported by his filial impulse. Madame Loubet *mère* did not believe her eyes until she was in her

son's arms. He did not seem her son in the state carriages with all the cuirassiers of his escort curvetting; but she felt when he embraced her that he was "Emile," such as she had always

Good Words.

known him, and big tears rolled down her cheeks. They were tears of joy. He never drew tears of bitterness from her eyes, or indeed those of any other human being.

Emily Crawford.

WITH THE EYES OF THE SOUL.

It was a village of self-conscious age and unconscious pretension among its old Quaker families. The streets beneath their lofty elms were hushed; the white-shuttered houses shrank behind iron fences and tidy lawns; the flowers grew in decorous gardens. From the heart of the village a coach ran daily to a railroad town ten miles away. The gray-shingled meeting-house marked the end of the village, which stood on a broad, grassy common where the main street branched off into three country roads. It was the oldest house in the State, bearing its date of 1712 in peaceful gray dignity. The Friends were unmistakably the patricians, and set the fashion of simplicity. They were a fine-looking people, the men's faces striking, beyond the mere distinction of their broad-brimmed hats, the women's peaceful and gracious, beyond the suggestion of their quiet gray and white dress. The close bonnets kept their skins fair into middle age, and gave a demure touch to the rounded young contours. The young men and women had color in their faces, and eyes that here and there rebelled. Did not the red blood stir in their veins when the sap mounted in the trees, and were they not as other men and maidens?

One at least, among them, and she a daughter of one of their oldest families, had a wild-rose bloom on her cheek and the longing of youth in her heart. Tie the bonnet close about the

girl's face; fold the kerchief smooth over her breast; Urath Drayton is no Quaker at heart, and all the gray and white in Christendom will never make her one. Yet she had been bred in the strictest traditions of the sect. It must have been a strong, though remote, strain of the world's people which so often dominated the nearer Quaker influences. There were hints of a great-great-grandmother, a court beauty, in the family; and there were days when she lived again and had her way with the Quaker maiden.

Urath had always had unquiet days; even as a child they had come upon her. One of the first which she remembered was in the old attic, at the sight of an open chest full of quaint, lavender-scented crimson and gold brocades, high-heeled slippers, curiously-wrought buckles, and strange, foreign-looking trinkets. How she had revelled in the warm, rich colors! And at last she had slipped one of the gowns over her head, and fastened a girdle of coins about her waist. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes danced; and feeling herself transformed into some other creature from the Urath of every day, she had tripped downstairs and stood before her mother. The mother gazed in bewilderment at the strange, brilliant figure the child made, but the father had turned and spoken in a stern voice. "Urath," he said, "thee looks like a picture of folly. Take off those gewgaws; fold the gown

and place it where thee found it; lock the chest and bring me the key."

The father's voice was very firm and final, and Urath obeyed. But there were other unquiet days; days when a longing for the things not of her world possessed her; days when she must be free; days when she would escape into the woods and shout aloud, with a wild joy in the bolsterous sound; days when the longing for color goaded her to cull the brightest garden blossoms to deck herself like a young savage; days when she craved above all things motion, action; when she would tear the little bonnet from her head, and whirling it round and round, would break into a dance, abandoning herself to a wild rhythmic movement, keeping time to some inward melody. On and on, in ever wilder measure, would go the dance, until, panting and exhausted, she would fall half fainting to the ground. These were days when nature took her sure revenge for generations of suppression.

As the girl grew into maidenhood the scent of certain flowers, the sound of certain voices, the sight of the colors in the evening sky, or the mellow mystery of moonlight, worked upon her some subtle intoxicant, awakening she knew not what of longing and desire.

But the great unquiet day came some years later, in the full tide of summer. The birds at dawn began it, piercing the still fresh air with their joy, exulting from full, passionate throats in the coming sunshine. She crept out of her bed, pushing open the shutters and bathing in the sweetness of the wet honeysuckle. Involuntarily she stretched out her arms toward the morning world. "Here am I, Lord!" she seemed to say, in answer to the joyous daily annunciation of God's free gift of life. Then she turned and saw her soft gray garments beside the bed. She put them on, folding the white

kerchief over the swelling bosom; but she could not stay within doors, or even walk decorously as she should in the tiny garden. The longing for sound was upon her. There sang within her heart a half-articulate "Magnificat." The beauty of the new-created day possessed her.

"Be still, and know that I am God," had been the burden of her life's training; "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour," was the answering cry of her full young heart. The birds had their hours of exaltation, why not she? They were a-wing to the open; she would follow. She lifted the latch of the little, iron gate and went out into the street, past the meeting-house, and down the wildest of the roads leading toward the woods. In the broad isolation of the open country she ran, she called aloud, she shouted. Every slightest sound of life in the stillness woke its echo in her. She gave back the short, startled low of a cow from the meadows, and laughed in the faces of the wondering cattle as she passed. Her bonnet was off now, the early sunlight warming the dark shadows of her hair. Her head was up and her lips trying the bird-calls from the trees. Then came the rippling sound of the water over the pebbles. That, too, she would try, but its silver tinkle eluded her throat; she would have it, then, through another sense. Shoes off and stockings,—how the cool shock made her laugh! She would walk up the bed of the stream, laughing even when the pebbles bruised her feet—lily things that should have leaves,—laughing still with keener note at the pang of a sharp cut, and the quick, red stain of her blood in the water. She followed the stream, and rested in the heat of noon to eat the berries, ripe and luscious, in the pastures.

As she came under the trees there were new bird-notes to echo, and she

gave them back others from her own singing heart. In the woodland depths a sudden chill of remoteness overcame her, and she would turn back to find stockings and shoes, kerchief and bonnet again.

But as she turned, her ear caught the note of the wood-thrush, and beyond it a sound she had not heard before. It was a rushing, pouring sound, a distant orchestra of falling water. It freed her spirit, and her voice broke forth above it into sustained melody. All day she had eased her heart with fitful bursts and snatches of song; now, for the first time she sang, knowing the rapture of free expression. How long the way was, how long she sang as she walked, she did not know; but at last she reached the full orchestral music of the waters pouring over a high ledge into a pool. She stood on the brink looking into the deep, green basin of rock, finding there every color her eyes had ever craved.

Then, indeed, did the freed melody of her voice ring out, piercing downward to the pool, soaring upward above the sound of falling waters. Still, as the voice called, there was a haunting note which it could not reach, and the striving for that dim note was a pain. While she sang she heard it and felt it within her, beating in her heart to be born. She pressed both hands down upon her breast, to ease the pang of the unborn note, an aspiring little figure, with small, white feet upon the pool's brink and head aloft in song. She heard it now quite clearly, from close behind her, the spirit-note! And now, at last, it came—an exultant, full-throated tone, thrown across the harmony by a man's voice of wonderful power. She caught it, striking it again and again, until with a quick, joyous burst her voice blended into the solution of the cadence, dying into the muffled harmony of the falling waters.

A sudden faintness overcame her; the

warm air trembled in a veil before her eyes; she swayed forward toward the dazzling waters, then backward, catching at the slender birch sapling at the brink. But the birch sapling, being insensate, would have given her to the pool. It was a man's arms which caught her from the dizzying depths and drew her down upon the cool, green bank, a quiet little figure once again. They were still so close to the brink that he could catch the spray and sprinkle it over her face and hands as she lay in peaceful unconsciousness. When the red had come back into her lips she looked up into his face and saw that he was young and strong, and the color crept over her neck and warmed her cheeks, and her eyes glistened through the wet mist over brow and hair.

The man smiled down at her from his wide, blue eyes.

"Do you always faint," he asked, "when you sing?"

"Did I faint? I thought I fell."

"You tried to fall."

"Oh, no, I tried not to fall."

"Did the water teach you that song?"

"I do not know. How did you know it?"

"I learned it from you."

"From me? But I heard you sing it."

"No, I heard you first."

"We must both have heard it at once."

"Then it must be the song of the falling waters."

"Yes, we will call it the Song of the Falling Waters."

"Do you know you would have fallen into them if I had not caught you?"

She sat up, brushing some drops from the hair on her forehead, and, leaning forward, looked into the pool.

"Yes, I should have fallen in," she said.

"Don't you care?"

"It would have been cool."

"It would have been cold; it would have been death. Why do you not thank me?"

"I don't know."

"Don't you care?"

"I am not sure that I care."

"But you shiver. Ah, you do know! You do care!"

"Yes, I think I care. On some days it is beautiful to be alive."

"Is it not good to be alive on all days?"

"Some days I do not live at all."

"Those are not good days; but you are so young, you should live every day."

"People will not let me live every day."

"What do you mean? Who will not let you live?"

"My father, my mother, my aunt, the people in the village, in the meeting-house. They all think it is wrong—the things I love—color, music, motion."

"Ah, I understand; you are of the Quakers. Yes, your face is fair and soft like them. But where did you get the eyes with the fire in them, and the voice with the passion in it?"

"I do not know. We are of the Friends, but I had a far-off grandmother who was of the world's people."

"And you have always lived here, in the village yonder?"

"I have never been away from here."

"Will you tell me your name?"

"My name is Urath, Urath Drayton."

"Urath, Urath Drayton. Why don't you ask me some questions?"

"I don't know."

"Am I not as strange to you, as you to me?"

"No; I seem to know you."

"Why do you not say *thee* to me, then?"

"Because you are of the world's people. We say *thee* only to Friends."

"But I should like you to say *it* to me, and I should like to try it with thee."

"Thee will make mistakes, and be thinking more of thy words than thy meaning."

"Wise little Quakeress! So you feel as if you knew me, even though I am of the world's people?"

"Yes."

"Where do you think I came from, just in time to save you?"

"I do not know."

"I am from the big world down below. I study at a big university—a foolish thing it seems to do when there is so much wisdom to be found in the woods. But I go back to the big world tomorrow. My name is Arnold Harden, and I have been resting eyes and brain for a while; rustivating at the farm by the pool, where you came trespassing to-day."

"I followed the stream."

"Yes, and cut your foot; see, it is bleeding. Let me bind this leaf about it; this foot is too white and soft for stony ways. You followed the stream and I followed your voice, and stood behind you, listening until I heard your song. You did not turn or seem startled when I first sang it; it was afterwards you fainted. Were you startled?"

"No, anything might happen on a day like this."

"Yes, anything might happen; but aren't you glad I happened to come in time to save you?"

"I am glad you happened to come in time to sing with me."

"Won't you thank me then?"

"For the singing? Yes."

"How will you thank me?"

"Listen to the water falling, falling."

"How will you thank me, Nixle, water-sprite?"

"How should I thank you?"

"With your lips, and from your heart, you demure Siren."

"I thank you, then, from my heart."

"That was *from* your lips, not *with* them." His laughing eyes played over

her face, taking note of all its sweet confusion.

"How many shades of red did your grandmother give you, Urath, to dye that white Quaker throat." He drew himself along the pass closer to her and touched her hand. "And why does the red dye follow my hand thus, and thus, and thus?" Then as the thrill of her touch moved him, he bowed his head down to her fingers, putting his lips to them.

"Hush! Let me listen! That was the thrush's note again!"

"Who taught you to sing? Was the thrush your master?"

"I never sang before as I did to-day."

"Do you know why?"

"No."

"What makes the thrush's note so sweet?"

"I do not know."

"The desire of life."

"The desire of life?"

"The bird's note, the flower's scent, the water's call, the summer's secret,—it was all in your voice when you sang, it is all in your eyes now; it is the desire of life."

Her eyes awoke at his words, dwelling curiously upon him. With a supreme effort she threw off the spell, and stood before him, freed of his touch, possessing herself.

"The desire of life is strong," she said; "but there is another desire, and it is stronger."

"What desire is that?"

"It is the desire of the soul," she said, firmly.

She looked in his face and the tears came into her eyes, for she saw that, for all his nearness, he did not understand. But, although her gray skirt brushed his arm, so near she stood, a barrier rose between them, and when he would touch her again, he seemed not to find her. Bewildered, sobered, he let her bare white feet pass him. She turned once, her face suffused with

a soft light which radiated toward him as through a mist.

"I go now," she said. "Fare thee well."

So came the awakening in the cool of the evening, steps retraced, the shoes and stockings never found, the soiled kerchief folded closer over the breast which held the summer's secret; a sober home-coming to her life of everyday. It was to that life her father's voice belonged, as he demanded: "Where has thee been all day?" and the placid tones of her mother: "My child, thee does not look well. Has thee hurt thyself in any way?"

But in the girl the two lives clashed together, and her body was rent by the long struggle. A violent rush of tears and sobs was her only answer, all unheard before in the Friends' household.

"My child, my child, thee has a fever!" said the quiet mother.

The little bedroom was guarded closely until the fever spent itself, and Urath lay white and still, wondering where the weeks of summer had gone. The birds had hushed their singing now. Her cheeks burned, and her lips were parched, and she longed for the cooling waters there, falling, falling all day into the green pool. And when, at last, she was well again, she tried to remember the song of the waters, but it was locked forever in her breast, for the voice had broken in its own ecstasy as it touched the note for which it had longed. In speaking, even, it had changed to a lower key, so that it suited well with the quiet little figure which rose up from the bed of suffering and went forth into the gray light.

All the days were quiet days now, with only a flutter of the summer's secret under the white kerchief when memory stirred.

And thus a year passed, and yet another year of this hushed life. In this time she gained great favor with the

Friends, for she had been moved to speak in meeting, and at such times a lyric eloquence poured forth from her young lips. When the low voice shook with the surging tide of words, some of the Friends were doubtful and disturbed, but others were reminded of the Psalms of David, of the lyric outbursts of Ruth and Mary, and said that Uraah was moved by the Spirit.

After those days when the Spirit moved her the girl would come back to the meeting-house, walk round it, stand on the steps, or sit for hours within the shadow of the doorway. To those who saw her she seemed as if waiting for, or listening to, the voice of the Spirit.

One day when there was no sound in the village street but the shrill buzz of the locusts and the croon of insect-life in the grasses, she stood there, the hazy air toning her figure into perfect harmony with the old gray-shingled building, till she looked the very picture of the quiet life. The fields to the right and left of the meeting-house were fragrant with the hay-making, and now and again a huge wagon moved slowly out of them, turning into one of the roads. The girl watched them and seemed to listen. She stood very still. The droning rhythm of summer fields was in her ears, but she seemed to listen for some sound which should come out of the woods.

At last she heard it—a faint note fading into the rhythm of the fields until she doubted having heard it at all. It came again from the far woods, growing clearer, louder, and with it the sound of horses' feet, and the creak and strain of a heavy wagon, lumbering slowly along the road. Now, at last, there was no doubt. It was a curiously sweet, thrilling whistle, piercing clearer and clearer through the veiled air.

The girl turned toward the sound. Under the demure gray bonnet the

wild-rose pink of her cheeks burned a deeper red, and the dark eyes caught a light not known in the old meeting-house. She could follow the melody plainly now; it was the song she had learned of the falling waters, and in it she heard an echo of the summer's secret—the desire of life.

She stepped deliberately out of the doorway, came down the walk, and leaned over the gate into the road, so near he could not but look at her as he passed, her head lifted in proud expectancy above the dainty kerchief, her firm young bosom rising and swelling beneath it.

The thud of the horses' hoofs was loud in her ears, and the rattle and creak of the heavy wagon drawing nearer, but above it all was the thrilling melody. The girl's lips parted; she drank in the sound; her thirsty soul fed upon it. The wagon was in sight, but it came on slowly, with creak and heave from the heavy load. On the piled up hay, in full sight of the girl, rode the man—his large, strong frame thrown back at ease, his hair in a warm, light tangle above his forehead, his face raised to the sun, his fair moustache crisped over his full lips pursed in whistling, his eyes a-dream.

The wagon came abreast of the gate, and the girl's eyes fastened on the man's eyes, calling to them. The man's rested calmly upon her face, and then looked off into the haze, his soul following the sound of his lips.

Why he rode there in the wagon she knew not; why he had not known her she could not think. She only knew that in his voice was the power of pictures, and in his face the spell of dreams. And out of the heart of her many longings grew one great desire, that he should look for once in her face, and know her soul's longing for his soul; and there was no response in his face, no quiver even of recognition.

The wagon had passed now, leaving

behind a fine, fragrant dust, and the trailing hay which had caught in the gate. The wagon had passed, but the boy-driver had turned and stared wonderingly at the girl. She had raised her hands and was pressing them against her ears as if the sound of the whistling hurt her. But she was shutting out the sound so that she could hear the echoes—"The summer's secret—the desire of life!"—and she had said, "There is a desire stronger still, the desire of the soul." The desire of the soul? That was love. The desire of life? That was the desire of the senses. And the senses—they were but the voices of the soul. What know we of the soul without them? Through the senses, then, she would reach him, for had not their voices blended in that wonderful solution, presaging a deeper unity of soul?

The whistling had stopped now, and the man and the boy in the wagon were talking.

"You say the girl covered her ears, Percy? She must have a deaf soul. That is worse than blind eyes, like mine."

"She looked as if you gave her a headache."

The man laughed softly.

"How did she look, Percy, this poor girl with the deaf soul?"

"She was one of the Quaker girls standin' outside the meetin'-house."

"Oh, that was the reason she covered her ears. The Quakers have no music, you know."

"Well, first she seemed to be listenin' with all her ears, and her mouth open, a-starin' right at you. Then when we got past she just clapped her little hands tight over her ears, as if she couldn't stand another bit."

"How did she look, Percy?"

"Well, most of them Quaker girls is fair-like and good-lookin', but she was a regular stunner."

"Tell me just how she looked, Percy."

"She had great big, brown eyes, and red lips, with little, white teeth like on a ear of young corn, and her skin all white, and pink, and soft-lookin'.—Here's where we unload the hay.—Mebby she'll be standin' there yet, when we go back, if you don't frighten her away with your bird-calls and your whistlin'."

"Let us hurry, then, with the unloading."

But hurry as they would, the Quaker girl was gone from the meeting-house as they repassed.

"You are sure she is not anywhere about?" said the man, as they turned the wagon reluctantly from the village street into the woodland road.

"Don't see her, nowhere," said the boy, dejectedly. "You might just as well give us a tune."

The man's lips pursed themselves again, and the whistling struck upon the drowsy evening air, like the call of the wood-thrush to its mate. Then, as they jogged slowly homeward, he took another theme—a wooing melody, with the lure of summer woods and waters high among the hills.

The wagon stopped in the deep shade of the woods to rest the horses, but the man still whistled, working a spell of silence and mystery over the boy.

"Get up," said the lad, at length, to the quiet horses, "get up there!" and looking off into the green dusk he seemed to see a figure slip behind a tree. Who could tell what he saw while that whistling sounded through the woods? After a while he looked behind him again, and a little cold shiver ran down his back, for he saw distinctly the figure of a woman in a long, black cloak, and with bare, bowed head moving swiftly from tree to tree.

He caught his whip and lashed the horses until they sprang ahead in great, jerking bounds. The whistling stopped; the man sat up.

"What is it, Percy?" he asked.

"I want to get out of this wood, that's all," said the boy, in a voice that quavered strangely.

"What have you seen, Percy?"

"I dunno, but I wish you'd stop your whistlin' and talk to a fellow. Whoa, there, come down there!"

"Tell me some more about the Quaker maiden, then. Did she wear the gray gown and little bonnet, with a lot of white around the face, and something soft and white folded over her breast?"

"Yes, that's the way she was dressed, just like them all, only she looked different like."

"How did she look different?"

"Well, she looked more as if she was alive and kickin' than most of 'em do. She was a regular beauty, she was, I tell you!"

"I wonder now if she wants a load of hay, Percy, or some summer apples? We must find out when we go to the village again."

The boy chuckled to find the strange, woodland figure vanishing behind the picture of the pretty Quaker girl buying summer apples.

"I dunno how we'd find her again. She won't be standin' outside the meetin'-house forever."

He grinned broadly as he thought of her, but still he did not venture to look behind him until the road led out from the woods into the open and across a familiar meadow, bathed in rosy mist from the last deep glow of the sun. At sight of the home-farm and the home-cattle the lingering fear of the wood passed, and the low of a cow with her calf in the barn hushed the echo of the wood's melody in thoughts of the evening's work.

"A new calf, eh, Percy?"

"Yes, it's the old brindle. We must hurry with the unhitchin'. Get up there!"

"Let me out at the pool, Percy, the

old spot, the rock behind the tree, you know."

"Yes, I know, there, in the thicket above the pool. It's a dangerous spot; you ought to be careful."

"I am careful, Percy, and I know every stone and pebble of the pool. Don't I bathe in it?"

"Yes, it's all right when I'm there to watch you. Want your fiddle this evenin'?"

"No, but I would like the guitar, if you will bring it to me."

"I will, if you'll play me that dance you was playin' the other night."

"That I will. Let me out now, and don't be long. I feel as if I could catch the music of that falling water for the accompaniment to-night, and then the song will be finished at last. I hope for great things with that little song, Percy."

"Ain't you comin' in to supper?" called the boy, already half-way to the house.

"Not to-night."

The man stood still, silently listening. Then he whistled a few notes, softly, and stopped to listen again. Then a few more, and he laughed aloud, exultantly.

"Ah, I have you, at last!" he said, and threw out the notes in a triumphant voice—clear, piercing, silvery, above the liquid uproar of the waters. Then he sat down, making himself comfortable against the tree and humming the melody over and over while he waited for the boy.

"Here you are," said Percy, handing him the guitar. "And here's a kettle of new milk and some fresh-baked gluger-bread to keep you from starvin'. Mother says you surely can't live off fiddlin'."

The man smiled over the guitar which he was rapidly tuning. Then he took a sup of the milk, and, turning toward the boy, struck a whimsical dance-measure on the strings, whist-

ling the melody to the sound of the falling waters. There was elfin laughter in the notes, and now and again a sweet, wild challenge to Pan. The boy felt the music like wine in his blood; he threw back his head, laughing and kicking his heels, and then broke into a dance, careering swiftly round and round on the grass.

The measure quickened, the boy danced madly on. The music stopped abruptly; the boy reeled, and then stood still, staring ahead of him, motionless, transfixed. In the deepening green twilight, just above the pool, and hidden from the man by a large tree, stood a woman—a gypsy rather, a witch, a spirit! Never had the boy seen such a one—a robe of scarlet and a girdle of gold, white arms and neck flashing through a mantle of loosened black hair held low on the brow by a fillet of gold! And the face, the strange, wild face! Her flaming eyes were bent straight upon the boy, and the whole figure charged with a wild, mysterious beauty. The boy gave a half articulate cry, and, turning, ran like a fawn along the meadow-path to the house.

The man sat up.

"Who is there?" he cried.

Only the sound of the water answered him, falling, falling into the pool.

"Who is there?" he cried again.

The man's face turned toward the pool. The woman stepped from behind the tree and stood before him, proudly. She stood as who should say, "I am here." The man bent forward, and fixed his blue eyes—the eyes of a dreamer—upon her. She raised her head and the consciousness of her superb beauty held her at polse. It was enough that he saw her. That he looked in her face at last. Her bosom swelled proudly, her eyes sent out their fire; in that moment she tasted to the full her woman's power.

But the man drew back, and brushing

his hands over his face seemed to dispel the vision of her. He turned away with a half-impatient sigh, and looked toward the pool. She took a step toward him, her softened eyes pleading for his eyes, her hands going out longingly to him. Still he did not turn or look at her.

"Who is there?" he said once more, slowly, dreamily.

The girl started back as if struck. He had seen, seen her in all the fulness of her beauty, and he could ask that! Her eyes dwelt still upon him, on the unforgotten strength of outline. Had she nothing in her for him to remember? The same, large, firm hands which had touched her, waking the woman in her, went out now in a curious, seeking way toward his guitar. He drew it slowly toward him, and in his face was a rapt passion. Dimly she realized that it was the passion of the artist, apart from her and her world. His hand touched the strings, and the notes came out clear, piercing, silvery; then softly, against the sound of the falling water, in intimate relation arose his voice. It was the melody she had taught him. It was her voice that had lured him, then, her dead voice! Her voiceless beauty, herself, her soul hunger, were nothing to him now.

She put her arms up, warding off the music, the ghost of her dead past. She could endure the pain of it no longer. Gathering the black cloak close about her, she sank on to her knees, within its sheltering folds, pressing her hands over her ears. She bowed her head, and the black hair fell over it to the ground. And the man sang there, as if all unconscious of her.

To the voice of the water calling,
calling,

The voice of my love was lent;
With the voice of the water falling,
falling,

The voice of my love was blent.

I heard her dear voice singing, singing,
Like the heart of a bird on wing;
I sent a note to her ringing, ringing,
The note she had tried to sing.

"Come here," said the water falling,
falling,
A voice from the cool, green deep.
"I come," said the voice of her, calling,
calling,
"A tryst with my soul to keep."

"I sing thee a song of love calling,
calling,
I sing thee a song of sleep,
I sing thee of waters falling, falling,
A song from the cool, green deep.

"I sing thee a dream of waking,
waking,
In a world all color and fire;
I sing thee a dream of taking, taking,
Thy fill of the heart's desire."

"I come," said the voice of her, calling,
calling,
"I come to thy heart of gold."
She swayed on the pool's brink,
falling, falling;
The waters leap to enfold.

Has she kept her tryst there, falling,
falling
Into the cool, green deep?
Has she found her soul there, calling,
calling,
The dream in the long, long sleep?

And there where the water is falling,
falling,
I will go by the wood-pool's way;
With the voice of my great love calling,
calling,
I will waken her soul some day.

To the girl on the ground the penetrating sweetness of the melody was like a pain stabbing at her heart. She writhed under it, shutting out the words, and hearing only her own bitter thoughts. "What have I done? Alas, what have I done? Fool, fool, that I am! I would reach him through the senses and my voice is gone. I have made myself a picture of folly to please his eyes and he turns them from

me. The sound of his music is more to him than the sight of my pain!"

In a sudden frenzy she threw back her hair, and her eyes sought his face once more, his dreaming face. She started to her feet, and, catching his hand from the strings, she pressed it against her eyes, her cheeks, her lips, in the abandonment of despair.

"I love you," she cried, "I love you!"

She looked into his eyes; in their vague beauty there was no response, only a sharp wonder dawning on his face. With a low, hurt cry her fingers loosed his hand. She sprang from him, and in the next instant the sound of a plunge into the pool struck sharp above the sound of the falling waters.

"Urath!" the call of the man's voice followed her. "Urath, Urath!"

The leaping waters caught her, drawing her down into their cool depths. For an instant their swirling gloom closed over her—and then there were arms about her, and her head held up beyond their reach—strong hands that grasped her, strong arms that lifted her—a strong man bending over her, as once long before upon the pool's brink. But it seemed to her the darkness had gathered quickly; she could hardly see his face.

He spoke to her. "My love," he said, "why hast thou done this thing?"

"For shame that you did not love me, and pain that you did not know me."

"Child, child with the passionate soul!" He spread out her wet garments about her as if she was a little child. His fingers, with some peculiar delicacy of their own, brushed the water from her face, her neck, her arms, and spread her hair about her, lingering in its dark meshes. They rested on her eyes and lips for a moment, tracing the outlines of them.

"How beautiful thou art, my love!"

"You think it—now, here in the dark?"

"I know it now, in the dark."

"Am I not then beautiful in the light?"

"Thou art most beautiful in the light."

"Then why do you turn your eyes from me?"

"That I might see thee nearer, sweet."

"You looked toward the pool where I sang that day?"

"Yes, I listened to thy voice."

"My voice broke that day. I was ill, and it never came again."

"It came to me, love; it followed me over the sea, and sang to me the song of the falling waters, until one day I knew what you meant by the desire of the soul; but that was not until after much pain."

"How dark it grows, here in the hollow; let us go up into the light."

"Dost fear the pain of the dark, love? That is the pain that taught me to know the light."

"But you cannot even see me."

"Ay, love, I see thee."

"How, then, by what light?"

"By the light of the soul, my only light."

"Thy only light?"

"These eyes of mine are blind to any other."

"Blind! What do you say? Can't you see me at all?"

"Only so can I see thee."

The speaking touch of his fingers was on her face.

"My love is blind! How can that be?"

"Listen, I will tell thee. When I left thee, I went to my betrothed, one of the proudest and most beautiful of the world's women. But the sun shone only on the outside of her heart; she feared the dark. With my quickened senses I felt her shrink from me at the first threatening shadow of my blindness, and I freed her before total darkness closed upon me. Ah, God, that day when it came, when I saw no more! There was a time of spirit-darkness, blackness, despair, before I began to see the dawn within. The first glimmerings of it came with thy remembered voice, beloved! I heard thy sweet voice singing, singing; I felt my own go out to meet and mingle with it. Elusive melodies had often haunted me, but I had never been able before to quite grasp them. Now, in my quiet darkness, I felt I had but to listen and I should hear the faint sweet undertones which had been lost to my old, impatient self. In that quiet darkness the hidden meanings of many things found voice; I understood, at last, thy saying, 'The desire of life is strong, but the desire of the soul is stronger.' I came back to write the Song of the Falling Waters, and to woo thee with it, if happily I might find thee here and free of heart."

Her hand dwelt upon his eyes. She sat up, putting her lips to them.

"The beautiful eyes of my love cannot see."

"With the eyes of my soul," he answered, "I see thy soul."

Macmillan's Magazine.

WHAT ASKS THE BARD?

"The simple incomes of the poor
His meek poetic soul content:
Say £30,000 at four
Per cent.!

An Unchristian Christmas.

His taste in residence is plain;
 No palaces his heart rejoice;
 A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
 For choice)—

Here be his days in quiet spent;
 Here let him meditate the Muse;
 Baronial Halls were only meant
 For Jews."

A. D. Godley.

AN UNCHRISTIAN CHRISTMAS.

To-day the Churches are preparing to celebrate the establishment of the Christian Kingdom. Choirs are practising "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace." Clergymen are meditating discourses on that transcendent Goodness, which emptied Itself of glory, and made Its choice for self-abasement and self-sacrifice. Even those who reject the Christian dogma recognize the humanitarian claims of the approaching festival, and warm, with an honest enthusiasm, for the Brotherhood of Man. And at this moment, so aptly chosen by a malign fate, we are making our sons pass through the fire unto Moloch. We are pouring out huge libations of innocent blood. We are offering a sacrifice, of which no human skill can measure the value or the extent, for "the obscene Empire of Mammon and Belial." Here we sit, wrapped in a symbolic darkness, waiting for fresh tidings of disaster. Now, as of old, there is not a house where "there is not one dead," or, at best, the longdrawn agony of anticipated bereavements. The one ray which pierces the gloom is the thought of the splendid courage, the calm, unquestioning faith with which our English brothers, born in castles or in slums, are turning their backs on "youth and bloom and this delightful

world," and going, straight and steady, to their doom. It will be something gained if we, to whom are assigned not the heroic prerogatives of war, but the humbler offices of civil duty, can learn from their example to quit us like men and be strong. Instead of bullets we have to face calumnies. Instead of our lives we must jeopardize our reputations. But for us, as for our brothers at the front, there is the imperious call of Right, and like them we must throw consequences to the winds and brace ourselves to obey it.

Such considerations, though generally unexpressed, are, I fancy, more common now than they were six months ago. Since the beginning of October we have learnt some lessons, which will not be easily effaced. But when, on July 12th last, I presided over a meeting in St. Martin's Town Hall, to protest against the war which is now desolating us, we were assured by comfortable optimists; by the bond-slaves of the powers that be; by those dispassionate politicians who back their opponents and revile their friends; that the danger of war was chimerical. The Queen's old age must be spared this horror. Lord Salisbury's love of peace would prevail against the machinations of the war-makers. Mr. Chamberlain might be

trusted to deal with President Kruger. England need only speak with decision, and all would be well. A despatch from Downing-street, a speech at Highbury, a review at Aldershot—and the Boers would kiss the triumphant feet of Sir Alfred Milner.

For my own part, I confess that I pinned my faith on Lord Salisbury's known dread of war; but I knew, from information freely imparted to me as long ago as April, the exact line and scope of the machinations with which he would have to deal. Weeks went on, and the plot developed. Domestic anxiety claimed more and more of the Premier's thought. Other persons, not so embarrassed, saw their opportunity and used it. That noble army of Patriots, which is brave with other men's lives, and generous with other men's money, rallied round the politician who most exactly embodies its peculiar graces. The opulent allens of South Africa established relations with patriotic newspapers in London. The gutter-children of politics defamed the memory and derided the teaching, which, for forty years, had been the inspiration of English Liberalism. The New Diplomacy turned out to be the old Vulgarity. Provocations, insults, threats and violences were heaped upon a fierce and obstinate people, known to be small, and believed to be weak. Then, at last, came the challenge, which some had desired, which some had dreaded, and which, even to the last moment, many had refused to anticipate. That challenge, once given, England was bound to take up; but the New Diplomacy had forced the issue. To-day, after reverses, humiliation, losses and sufferings such as those who do not remember the Crimea have never known, we find ourselves locked in a deadly struggle for a cause which is not our own. The rabble which clamored for the bloodshed, now heaps insult on the men whom it has sent out to counsel and command, and,

if need be, to die. God forbid that we, who most profoundly deplore the war, and most unsparingly condemn its authors, should follow this degraded example. We have not so learnt our duty as Englishmen and as Liberals. But we claim our right—and it is not an excessive claim—to ask for what we are fighting? Away with the sanctimonious hypocrisy which pretends that the ill-treatment of native races is the cause or the justification of the campaign! Away with the more plausible, but not more veracious, plea, that we have gone to check a long-organized conspiracy against the interests of England in South Africa! We remember the Raid—and the apologies for the Raid—(and the Government of the Transvaal has not forgotten them). We look for the causes of our present misery in the quarters which engendered our former disgrace. We look for them in the "walled cities," where financiers cower over their ill-gotten millions, and watch with joy the vicarious effusion of non-est English blood.

Just four years ago our fellow-Christians, in a distant part of the world, were being massacred wholesale by the great Anti-Human Power, for no other offence than the Religion of the Cross, which they professed in common with ourselves, but rather more sincerely. We have been accused of overstating the case against the Turk. I therefore cite, in confirmation of my words, the official account of the Massacre at Ourfa, December 29th, 1895. The citation is from the report of Vice-Consul Fitzmaurice, made formally to the British Ambassador at Constantinople, and presented by Lord Salisbury to Parliament. Obviously there is no room for romance, or overstatement, or distortion in a document of this kind; and no one who reads the narrative can have the effrontery to say that our indictment of the Turkish tyranny is at all overstrained:—

On Saturday night, crowds of Armenian men, women and children took refuge in their fine cathedral, capable of holding some 8,000 persons, and the Priest administered the Sacrament, the last Sacrament, as it proved to be, to 1,800 souls, recording the figure on one of the pillars of the church. These remained in the cathedral over night, and were joined on Sunday by several hundreds more, who sought the protection of a building which they considered safe from the mob-violence of the Mussulman, even in his fanaticism. It is computed that at least 3,000 individuals were congregated in the edifice, when the mob attacked it.

They at first fired in through the windows, then smashed in the iron door, and proceeded to massacre all those, mostly men, who were on the ground floor.

Having thus disposed of the men, and having removed some of the younger women, they rifled the Church treasure, shrines and ornaments . . . destroying the pictures and relics, mockingly calling on Christ now to prove Himself a greater prophet than Mahomet.

A huge, partly stone, partly wooden, gallery running round the upper portion of the cathedral was packed with a shrieking and terrified mass of women, children and some men.

Some of the mob, jumping on the raised altar-platform, began picking off the latter with revolver shots, but as this process seemed too tedious, they be-thought themselves of the more expeditious method. . . . Having collected a quantity of bedding and the church matting, they poured some thirty cans of kerosene on it, as also on the dead bodies lying about, and then set fire to the whole. The gallery beams and wooden framework soon caught fire, whereupon, blocking up the staircase leading to the gallery with similar inflammable materials, they left the mass of struggling human beings to become the prey of the flames.

During several hours the sickening odor of roasted flesh pervaded the town, and even to-day, two months and a half after the massacre, the smell of putrescent and charred remains in the church is unbearable."—Turkey No. 5, 1896, page 12.

The authors of this satanic crime sacrificed, amid circumstances of equal horror, one hundred thousand Armenian lives. But we were told by the strongest Government of modern times, and by those who, theoretically in Opposition, backed the Government to the utmost of their power, that we could not stir a finger to stay the carnage or punish the assassins. England dared not attempt it. The military and political risks were too great. The blood of a hundred thousand Armenians was not worth the life of one English soldier. "Every extreme of wickedness," wrote Mr. Gladstone, in his latest and noblest appeal, "is sacrosanct when it passes in a Turkish garb. But we forget that every one of these terrible occurrences will revive in history, to say nothing of a higher record still. At every step we take we are treading on the burning cinders of the Armenian Massacres." Just three years ago, some of us, kneeling in an English church, almost under the shadow of our august Abbey, saw, with wet eyes, the infinite pathos of the Armenian Liturgy. As those poor refugees from Mahomedan persecution bowed before the Sacramental Presence and the Cross of Christ, singing, with mournful cadence, the Lord's Song in a Strange Land, there seemed to mingle with their wailing supplication the voices of the martyrs beneath the apocalyptic altar—"How long, O Lord, Holy and Just, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood?" To-day, perhaps, some of them are thinking that if England had then displayed an ounce of courage in a righteous cause, she would not now be sacrificing her best-beloved for territorial aggrandizement and the lust of gold. Let me close this meditation on an Unchristian Christmas with the prophet-like warning of a non-Christian teacher—

Opinions alter, manners change, creeds rise and fall; but the Moral Law

is written on the tablets of eternity. For every false word or unrighteous deed, for cruelty and oppression, for lust or vanity, the price has to be paid at last: not always by the chief offend-

The Speaker.

ers, but paid by some one. Justice and Truth alone endure and live. Injustice and falsehood may be long lived, but doomsday comes at last.

George W. E. Russell.

BRITANNIA LOQUITUR.

["The Committee of the London School Board estimates that at times, when there is no special distress, 55,000 children, in a state of hunger, which

makes it useless to attempt to teach them, are in the schools of London alone."—*Sir John Gorst.*]

Fire-eaters of the Music Halls, in vain ye take my name,
 When your patriotic ballads rise and swell;
 I am not all for glory and for military fame
 And the thunder of the cannon and the shell.
 I am not merely Amazon, with bloody sword and spear,
 And death is not the harvest I would reap;
 I am woman, I am mother, and I still have ears to hear
 The wailing of my children when they weep.
 Hark! I hear them; they are crying;
 'Tis of hunger they are dying—
 See this hollow cheek and weary sunken head!
 Lo, they perish of starvation,
 And you give them—education!
 Ah! before you teach, for God's sake, give them bread!

Political Economy you plead in your defence?
 You prate of prudence, thrift, and quote wise saws
 About the sins of fathers, and, to save your wretched pence
 You preach of Nature's adamantine laws.
 Have ye no hearts to pity? Can ye sleep when ye are told
 How these innocents are starving? O wise fools,
 My little ones are hungry and my little ones are cold,
 And instead of warmth and food, ye give them—schools!
 Hark! I hear them; they are crying;
 'Tis of hunger they are dying—
 See this hollow cheek and weary sunken head!
 Lo, they perish of starvation,
 And you give them—education!
 Ah! before you teach, for God's sake, give them bread!

Punch.

LETTERS AND POLITICS.

We all know how Mr. Birrell has unwittingly given us a neologism; *nomen appellativum* has passed into *nomen reale*. To those who would describe a kind of humorous talk, or writing of peculiarly delicate literary flavor, it comes natural to talk of "pleasant birrelling." And some of us incline to look upon the garland we thus bestow as no mere honor, but a sign of office, prospective as well as retrospective in its meaning, and amounting to prepayment for a regular supply of *dicta*, no longer *obiter*, but *ex officio*. Unluckily for us, Mr. Birrell is developing another way, giving up to party what was meant for mankind: "The resolutions" (of the National Liberal Federation) "were supported, in an admirably patriotic speech, by Mr. Birrell;" "Mr. Birrell accepts the invitation to resign a safe seat and contest N. E. Manchester;" statements of policy and electoral forlorn hopes are the order of the day. So far as talk goes, we may yet nurse hopes for a while, though there is no telling how soon the horrible doctrine that solid commonplace in speech is the road to political success may begin to work upon a party leader; but what about those books that we desire? Far be it from us to wish the Opposition less by one man of light and leading; on that head our record is clear; we can lay our hand on our heart and protest that it is not as party politicians that we entreat Mr. Birrell to pause. What are statesmen, but importunate stewards of our property, to whom we listen because we must with ears reluctant as the rake's in Hogarth? But with the *littérateur* the quality of attention is not strained; we listen only as long as we please, which, in Mr. Birrell's case, will be as long as he pleases. Does he realize what he is to us? Does he, in

Greek phrase, "being of high worth, so account of himself?" or does he hold himself cheap, as no more than a critic? It is true we have critics enough; it is an age of chatter about Shelley; criticism raised to the *nth* is a thought of terror, and the latest newspaper writer's idea of Mr. Leslie Stephen's idea of Johnson's idea of Milton's idea of Edward King might be dispensed with; but we have none too much of that criticism which, besides being criticism, is new creation. Lamb is thumbed while many an "original" writer inhabits the shelf; and thumb-marks down the page are vastly preferable to a dust-steeped half-inch along the top.

Alas, alas, pray end what you began,
And write next winter more Essays on
Man;

so say we, *mutatis mutandis*, to Mr. Birrell. But he will doubtless go his own way; and it is time to confess that we are but half serious. After all, letters and politics are not quite irreconcilable; let us glance at one or two cases of compromise between them, or of one's victory over the other. We take it that, among men of great ability, a large majority are capable of using talents in any of several directions, and that it is very much a matter of circumstances which of these they take (how fortuitous our lives are! it is only the "rolling stones" who give themselves a fair trial). An exception must be made for those poets whose natural note is lyrical; to them we imagine self-absorption to be essential; but it is very hard to believe, for instance, that Shakespeare, with absolute mastery of the human heart and the wide tolerance of full knowledge, would not have made a first-rate statesman, if fortune had been unkind enough to

allow it. Assuming this general versatility of talent, and applying it merely to letters and politics, we have, to admit that the attraction of the second is, to most men, the greater. Posterity and our memory are something to us, but contemporaries and our life are more. To think and write is very well; to do, is better. If letters, nevertheless, hold their own, it is owing to the shy consciousness that we cannot do ourselves justice in public; perfection, or what seems such, is easier attained in the study than in the Senate.

We have spoken in jest of Shakespear; the serious instance of his time is naturally Bacon. He "knew himself to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part;" yet, the attraction of political activity proved too great; he is forever half repenting his choice, and walling *multum incola fuit anima mea*; but the greater part of his life was spent in politics, and, if the rest was not, he would have liked it to be. He had, in fact, a double ambition,—to benefit his kind by reform both in science and in politics. Professor Gardiner's able defence of him gives at least a plausible account of the dealings which have stained his name. "His intellect was too broad to leave room for any strength of emotional nature." His enthusiasms were not personal, but abstract; Elizabeth, Essex, James, Charles, Buckingham, were not patrons to advance his interest, but puppets to be used in working out his reforms. He failed; practical as he was in his readiness to compromise, and cajole, and use any means, he was unpractical in not understanding why his puppets could not rise to his large views,—just the weakness we should expect from one whom nature designed to write. With his ideas of religious toleration, conciliation between Crown and Parliament, and the rest, he was as much before his time as Burke. He lived the double life; the single would have been better

for his fame; whether better or worse for his service to mankind is hardly now to be settled. We must be content with the like uncertainty upon Milton. Twenty years of his life were given to wranglings in Latin with the like of Saumase in the service of the State,—with, for definite fruits worth speaking of, only the "Areopagitica" and a sonnet or two. What ideas should we have attached to Milton's name if he had never been clerk to the Commonwealth? The question is as unanswerable as what Keats might have done if he had died as old as Tennyson. As well ask what the world would have been if Xerxes had won at Salamis, or Hasdrubal at the Metaurus. It is no mere question of what we should have had besides the "Paradise Lost." The "Paradise Lost" would not have been what it is; imagine a dreary classical drama in its place! and anyhow, what would the great debate in Pandemonium have been like without the twenty years' experience of men, which went to the making of it? It is consoling, if optimistic, to believe that what the writers do get delivered of is their best, despite premature deaths and serving of tables; and perhaps if we knew all, it is not far from truth. A good case is supplied by Charles Austin. J. S. Mill writes that "the impression he gave was that of boundless strength together with talents which seemed capable of dominating the world;" and the opinion seems to have been shared by all who knew him. Now, if he had either died young or become a statesman, we should have said, "What books have we lost!" but, in fact, he refused invitations to enter Parliament, made his fortune at the Bar, and afterwards lived retired, and scarcely known to be alive for over twenty years; his leisure brought us nothing.

The eighteenth century, with Addison, Swift, and Bolingbroke, Gibbon and Bentham, Sheridan and Burke, is full

of illustration, which we must deal with very summarily. To Addison and Gibbon we suppose that a place, with its dignity and its pay, was the chief attraction of Parliament; and it did not interfere seriously with devotion to letters. Swift's bustling love of power would, but for his profession, have made him a politician, pure and simple; as it was, the mainspring of his work was political. Bolingbroke, the modern Alcibiades of Mr. Bagehot's conception, was far too restless and vain not to prefer the conspicuous political stage, though he was versatile enough to like inspiring Pope's philosophy when leisure served, and possessed of a style too rapid and effective to be left idle when banishment from public activity came. Sheridan, more than any one else, gives the proof that complete success, in both spheres, is possible. Dramatic triumphs led to his social and Parliamentary popularity; and his career as a statesman was no *succès d'estime*. The oratorical splendor of the Warren Hastings speeches went, with a wide political wisdom, upon the French Revolution and the union with Ireland.

We take Bentham and Burke together, for the sake of contrast. Bentham, like Adam Smith, was one of the "masters of them that know" on social and political and legal matters; but he was content to act vicariously; we talk not

The Spectator.

of Bentham, but of the Benthamites. "Every law-book, every statute, the course of every action, bear testimony to his influence." The curious thing is that, great at abstract principles, but also delighting in detail, and absolutely free from literary vanity, he might seem just the man for a public career. In point of fact, he once applied to his friend Lord Shelburne for a seat; but it is clear that he never concerned himself seriously about it. The contrast with Burke is obvious; the latter, "Bacon alone excepted, the greatest political thinker who has ever devoted himself to the practice of English politics," did, indeed, accomplish his magnificent work as indirectly as Bentham; but such was far from his intention; he aimed at doing it directly; and, roughly speaking, he was, except on certain great occasions, a Parliamentary failure—

Who, too deep for his hearers, still
went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they
thought of dining.

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the many pertinent names of our own century and our own day; and, with or without them, the conflict of evidence is such that Mr. Birrell must even have the benefit of the doubt.

BRITONS.—DECEMBER 16TH, 1899.

"Reverse," "defeat," the words went round,
And steeled each heart and nerved each hand.
Not so success's trumpet sound
Could fire the land.

The Spectator.

Ella Fuller Maitland.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

FEB. 3 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

THE BRITISH MISTAKE IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

When the franchise negotiations came to an *impasse*, the British Government announced (September 22) that their demands and scheme for a "final settlement of the issues created by the policy of the Republic"—a phrase which pointed to something more than the redress of grievances—would be presented to the Republic. These demands, however, were never presented at all. After an interval of seventeen days from the announcement just mentioned, the Transvaal declared war (October 9 and 11). The terms of their ultimatum were offensive and peremptory, such as no Government could have been expected to listen to. Apart, however, from the language of the ultimatum, a declaration of war must have been looked for. From the middle of July the British Government had been strengthening their garrison in South Africa, and the despatch of one body of troops after another had been proclaimed, with much emphasis, in the English newspapers. Early in October it was announced that the Reserves would be called out and a powerful force despatched. The Transvaal had, meantime, been also preparing for war, so that the sending of British troops might well, after the beginning of September, be justified as a necessary precaution, since the forces then in South Africa were inferior in number to those the Boers could muster. But when the

latter knew that an overwhelming force would soon confront them, and draw round a net of steel whence they could not escape, they resolved to seize the only advantage they possessed, the advantage of time, and to smite before their enemy was ready. It was, therefore, only in a technical or formal sense that they can be said to have begun the war; for a weak State, which sees its enemy approach with a power that will soon be irresistible, has only two alternatives,—to submit or to attack at once. In such a quarrel the responsibility does not necessarily rest with those who strike first. It rests with those whose action has made bloodshed inevitable.

A singular result of the course things took was that war broke out before any legitimate *casus belli* had arisen. Some one has observed that, whereas many wars have been waged to gain subjects, none was ever waged before to get rid of subjects by making it easier for them to pass under another allegiance. The franchise, however, did not constitute a legitimate cause of war, for the British Government always admitted they had no right to demand it. The real cause of war was the menacing language of Britain, coupled with her preparations for war. These led the Boers also to arm, and, as happened with the arming and counter-arming of Prussia and Austria in 1866, when each expected an attack from the other, war inevitably followed. To brandish the sword, before a cause for war has been

*From *Impressions of South Africa*. By James Bryce. Copyright, 1900, by The Century Company.

shown, not only impairs the prospect of a peaceful settlement, but may give the world ground for believing that the war is intended.

By making the concession of the franchise the aim of their efforts, and supporting it by demonstrations, which drove their antagonist to arms, the British Government placed themselves before the world in the position of having caused a war without ever formulating a *casus belli*, and thereby exposed their country to unfavorable comment from other nations. The British negotiators were, it may be said, placed in a dilemma by the distance which separated their army from South Africa, and which obliged them to move troops earlier than they need otherwise have done, even at the risk (which, however, they do not seem to have fully grasped) of precipitating war. But this difficulty might have been avoided in one of two ways. They might have pressed their suggestion for an extension of the franchise in an amicable way, without threats and without moving troops, and have thereby kept matters from coming to a crisis. Or, on the other hand, if they thought that the doggedness of the Transvaal would yield to nothing but threats, they might have formulated demands, not for the franchise, but for redress of grievances, demands, the refusal of which, or the evasion of which, would constitute a proper cause of war, and have, simultaneously with the presentation of these demands, sent to South Africa a force sufficient at least for the defence of their own territory. The course actually taken missed the advantages of either of these courses. It brought on war before the Colonies were in a due state of defence, and it failed to justify war by showing any cause for it, such as the usage of civilized States recognizes.

As Cavour said that any one can govern with a state of siege, so strong Powers, dealing with weak ones, are

prone to think that any kind of diplomacy will do. The British Government, confident in their strength, seem to have overlooked not only the need for taking up a sound legal position, but the importance of retaining the good will of the Colonial Dutch, and of preventing the Orange Free State from taking sides with the Transvaal. This was sure to happen if Britain was, or seemed to be, the aggressor. Now the British Government, by the attitude of menace they adopted while discussing the franchise question, which furnished no cause for war, by the importance they seemed to attach to the utterances of the body calling itself the Uitlander Council in Johannesburg (a body which was in the strongest opposition to the Transvaal authorities), as well as by other methods scarcely consistent with diplomatic usage, led both the Transvaal and the Free State to believe that they meant to press matters to extremities, and that much more than the franchise or the removal of certain grievances was involved; in fact, that the independence of the Republic was at stake.

They cannot have intended this, and indeed they expressly disclaimed designs on the independence of the Transvaal. Nevertheless, the Free State, when it saw negotiations stopped after September 22, and an overwhelming British force ordered to South Africa, while the proposals foreshadowed in the despatch of September 22 remained undisclosed, became convinced that Britain meant to crush the Transvaal. Being bound by treaty to support the Transvaal, if the latter was unjustly attacked, and holding the conduct of Britain, in refusing arbitration and resorting to force without a *casus belli*, to constitute an unjust attack, the Free State Volksraad and burghers, who had done their utmost to avert war, unhesitatingly threw in their lot with the sister Republic. The act was desperate, but it was chivalric. The Free State,

hitherto happy, prosperous, and peaceful, had nothing to gain and everything to lose. Few of her statesmen can have doubted that Britain must prevail and that their Republic would share the ruin which awaited the Transvaal Dutch. Nevertheless, honor and the sense of kinship prevailed. It is to be

hoped that the excited language, in which the passionate feelings of the Free State have found expression, will not prevent Englishmen from recognizing, in the conduct of this little community, a heroic quality which they would admire if they met it in the annals of ancient Greece.

AFTER THE GALE.*

Far below them, on the edge of a great bowlder, which rose from the broken water and seemed to overhang it, stood the rescued sailor. He was pointing.

Taffy was the first to reach him.

"It's my brother! It's my brother Sam!"

Taffy flung himself full length on the rock and peered over. A tangle of ore-weed, a-wash, rose and fell about its base; and from under this, as the frothy waves drew back, he saw a man's ankle protruding, and a foot still wearing a shoe.

"It's my brother!" wailed the sailor, again. "I can swear to the shoe of 'en!"

One of the masons lowered himself into the pool, and, thrusting an arm beneath the ore-weed, began to grope.

"He's pinned here. The rock's right on top of him."

Taffy examined the rock. It weighed fifteen tons, if an ounce; but there were fresh scratches upon it. He pointed these out to the men, who looked and felt them with their hands, and stared at the subsiding waves, trying to bring their minds to the measure of the spent gale.

"Here, I must get out of this!" said

the man in the pool, as a small wave dashed in and sent its spray over his bowed shoulders.

"You ban't going to leave 'en," wailed the sailor. "You ban't going to leave my brother Sam."

He was a small, fussy man, with red whiskers, and even his sorrow gave him little dignity. The men were tender with him.

"Nothing to be done till the tide goes back."

"But you won't leave en? Say, you won't leave en? He've a wife and three children. He was a saved man, sir; a very religious man; not like me, sir. He was highly respected in the neighborhood of St. Austell. I shouldn't wonder if the newspapers had a word about en. . . ." The tears were running down his face.

"We must wait for the tide," said Taffy, gently, and tried to lead him away, but he would not go. So they left him to watch and wait while they returned to their work.

Before noon they recovered and fixed the broken wire cable. The iron cradle had disappeared, but to rig up a sling and carry out an endless line was no difficult job, and when this was done Taffy crossed over to the island rock and began to inspect damages. His working gear had suffered heavily. Two of his windlasses were disabled,

*From *The Ship of Stars*. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

scaffolding, platforms, hods, and loose planks had vanished; a few small tools only remained mixed together in a mash of puddled lime. But the masonry stood unhurt—all except a few feet of the upper course on the seaward side, where the gale, giving the cement no time to set, had shaken the dovetailed stones in their sockets—a matter easily repaired.

Shortly before three a shout recalled them to the mainland. The tide was drawing toward low water, and three of the men set to work at once to open a channel and drain off the pool about the base of the big rock. While this was doing, half a dozen splashed in with iron bars and pickaxes; the rest rigged two stout ropes with tackle and hauled. The stone did not budge. For more than an hour they prized and levered and strained, and all the while the sailor ran to and fro, snatching up now a pick and now a crowbar, now lending a hand to haul, and again breaking off to lament aloud.

The tide turned, the winter dark came down, and at half-past four Taffy gave the word to desist. They had to hold back the sailor, or he would have jumped in and drowned beside his brother.

Taffy slept little that night, though he needed sleep. The salving of this body had become almost a personal dispute between the sea and him. The gale had shattered two of his windlasses; but two remained, and by one o'clock next day he had both slung over to the mainland and fixed beside the rock. The news, spreading inland, fetched two or three score onlookers before ebb of tide—miners, for the most part, whose help could be counted on. The men of the coastguard had left the wreck, to bear a hand if needed; and, happening to glance upward, while he directed his men, Taffy saw a carriage with two horses drawn up on the grassy edge of the cliff, a groom

at the horses' heads, and in the carriage a figure seated—silhouetted there high against the clear blue heaven.

He felt like a general on the eve of an engagement. By the almanac, the tide would not turn until 4.35. At four, perhaps, they could begin; and even at four the winter twilight would be on them, and he had taken pains to provide torches and distribute them among the crowd. His own men were making the most of daylight left, drilling holes for dear life in the upper surface of the bowlder, fixing the Lewis-wedges and rings. They looked to him for every order, and he gave it in a clear, ringing voice, which he knew must carry to the cliff-top.

He felt sure in his own mind that the wedges and rings would hold; but, to make doubly sure, he gave orders to loop an extra chain under the jutting base of the bowlder. The mason who fixed it, standing waist-high in water as the tide ebbed, called for a rope and hitched it to the ankle of the dead man. The dead man's brother jumped down beside him and grasped the slack of it.

At a signal from Taffy the crowd began to light their torches. He looked at his watch, at the tide, and gave the word to man the windlasses. Then, with a glance toward the cliff, he started the working chant—"Ayee-ho! Ayee-ho!" The two gangs—twenty men to each windlass—took it up with one voice, and to the deep intoned chant the chains tautened, shuddered for a moment, and began to lift.

"Ayee-ho!"

Silently, irresistibly, the chain drew the rock from its bed. To Taffy it seemed an endless time—to the crowd, but a few moments—before the brute mass swung clear. A few thrust their torches down toward the pit where the sailor knelt. Taffy did not look, but gave the word to pass down the coffin which had been brought in readiness. A clergyman—his father's successor,

but a stranger to him—climbed down after it; and he stood in the quiet crowd, watching the light-house above and the lamps which the groom had lit in Honoria's carriage, and listening to the bated voices of the few at their dreadful task below.

It was five o'clock and past when the word came up to lower the tackle and draw the coffin up. The Vicar clambered out to await it; and, when it came, borrowed a lantern and headed the bearers. The crowd fell in behind.

"I am the resurrection and the life. . ."

They began to shuffle forward and up the difficult track; but presently came to a halt with one accord, the Vicar ceasing in the middle of a sentence.

Out of the night, over the hidden sea, came the sound of men's voices lifted, thrilling the darkness thrice; the sound of three British cheers.

Whose were the voices? They never knew. A few had noticed, as twilight fell, a brig in the offing, standing inshore as she tacked down channel. She, no doubt, as they worked in their circle of torchlight, had sailed in close before going about, her crew gathered forward, her master, perhaps, watching through his night-glass; had guessed the act, saluted it, and passed on her way, unknown, to her own destiny.

They strained their eyes. A man beside Taffy declared he could see something—the faint glow of a binnacle lamp as she stood away. Taffy could

see nothing. The voice ahead began to speak again. The Vicar, pausing now and again to make sure of his path, was reading from a page which he held close to his lantern.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off.

"Thou shalt not see a fierce people, a people of deeper speech than thou canst perceive; of a stammering tongue that thou canst not understand.

"But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby.

"For the Lord is our judge, the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us.

"Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast, they could not spread the sail; there is the prey of a great spoil divided; the lame take the prey."

Here the Vicar turned back a page and his voice rang higher:

"Behold, a king shall reign in righteousness, and princes shall rule in judgment.

"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of waters in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.

"And the eyes of them that see shall not be dim, and the ears of them that hear shall hearken."

RECENT AMERICAN VERSE.

EASTERN CRY.

What care I that the world goes wrong?

(The lotus blooms apace)

That England's weak, or Russia strong,—

That China sing her vast death-song?

Among the lotus herons trace

Their silhouettes of snowy grace.

Ah, lovely land!

Recent American Verse.

Why tremble I at China's call?
 (The harvest moon is here)
 For though that mighty Empire fall
 'Tis but the common fate of all.
 Across the moon, above the mere,
 The wild-geese pass in angles clear.
 Ah, pensive land!

Why burn I for my country's sword?
 (Red maples by the lake)
 Why long to leap, and give the word,
 And force our blindness on the Lord?
 Beneath the maples crickets wake
 And chip the silence, flake on flake.
 Ah, mystic land!

Mary McNeill Fenollosa.

From Out of the Nest.

IN THE EARLY DAYS.

The great first children journeyed through
 The countries, lonely then,
 With all their sheep and little ones,
 Their cattle and their men;

And kept themselves in tribes apart
 For awe of the great plains;
 And learned the length of days and nights,
 Of summers and of rains;

And saw no other men through all
 The blue horizons wide,
 Save their own kind who came to birth,
 And marched and sang and died;

And left the mark of pitched tents,
 Of footprints in the dew,
 And tracks of beaten, billowed grass
 Their flocks had pastured through;

And sometimes on a mountain-top
 They stood among their spears,
 And gazed across an unknown sea
 Into the unknown years;

And sometimes o'er a silent plain,
 And endless as the sky,

A child from lands unknown would come
And meet them eye to eye;

And they would gaze and love and speak
And rest awhile, and then
Each journeyed past with all his sheep,
His cattle, and his men.

From *An Ode to Girlhood and Other Poems.* *Alice Archer Sewall.*

AH, WORSHIPPED ONE!

Ah, worshipped one! ah, faithful Spring!
Again you come, again you bring
That flock of flowers from the fold
Where warm it slept, while we were cold.

What shall we say to one so dear,
Who keeps her promise every year?
Ah, hear me promise! and as true
As you to us, am I to you.

Ne'er shall you come and as a child
Sit in the market piping mild,
With dance suggestion in your glance,
And I not dance—and I not dance!

But you the same will always be,
While ninety Springs will alter me;
Yet surely as you come and play,
So surely will I dance, I say.

There is a strange thing to be seen
One distant April, pink and green:
Before a young child piping sweet,
An old child dancing with spent feet.

Gertrude Hall.

From *The Age of Fairy Gold.*

"IN SPEAKING OF THE LITTLE ONES WE LOVE."

In speaking of the little ones we love
Our souls grow warm and tender; Young-of-Years
So helpless seems, yet vallant, trusting all
It sees, and putting faith in the Unseen;

Recent American Verse.

Deeming the whole, cold-hearted outer world
A mother-embrace, a bosom for its sleep.

We men are little ones before high God;
In pain, in sickness, and in moods that yearn
For consolation, or when we intrust
Our pigmy bodies to their night-still beds,
The spirit feels its youth and feebleness
And turns like any weak, perplexèd child
Toward home—toward father, mother and the things
Indwelling, known of old, and longed for still,
Midst infinite barrenness and all unrest.

We men are little ones before high God;
The boasts of brain, the passions of the mind
Are nothing, set beside the one brief hour
Of faith re-born, calm dreams, and utter love.

Richard Burton.

From *Lyrics of Brotherhood.*

OUR MOTHER THE SEA.

Long ropes of pearls the Mother Sea flings down
To the winged emerald daughters of her heart,
Who run in laughter and in laughter part
Upon the beach, though clouds to westward frown;
Low thunders from the sunset sudden frown;
The light sea laughter, and the wavelets dart
Back to the Mother breast, again to start,
And weave the pearl ropes in a glittering crown.

White foam, green waves, such virtue in you lies
That, as you move, new essence is unrolled
To him who, like the palm 'neath sunsick sky,
For silver coolness and sweet grayness sighs,—
O strong, great Mother, made to God's own mould!
Who does not long to kiss thee ere he die?

Maurice Francis Egan.

Lippincott's Magazine.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Anthony Hope's story, "Captain Dieppe," which is now in course of serial publication, will be issued in book form in the spring from the press of the Doubleday & McClure Company.

The latest volume of the seemingly-interminable "Dictionary of National Biography" extends from Whichcord to Williams; and it is announced that two more volumes will complete the work.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, the clever essayist, has a sister, Miss Olive Birrell, who has recently written a long novel dealing with London social problems. It remains to be seen whether she can "birrell" as agreeably as her brother.

A London literary journal gravely announces that Mr. Crockett is at work upon a new novel. But probably this is not more than one-half or one-third of the truth. It is safe to conjecture that he is at work upon two or three.

Mr. Richard Whiteing, author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island," has been, for some years, one of the brightest leader-writers on the staff of the London Daily News; but he has left journalism to devote himself to more enduring literary work.

A writer in the London Daily News directs attention to the fact that nearly all the light-verse makers of the day are men of high scholarly attainments. Calverley, Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, Owen Seaman and Andrew Lang are instances in point.

The "Life of Archbishop Benson," just published, contains nearly fifteen

hundred pages. It never seems to occur to the authors of such voluminous biographies that, other things being equal, the number of readers secured for them is in an inverse ratio to the number of pages.

The publication of Tolstol's "Resurrection" has been resumed; and the hope is expressed that its publication will now be continuous. But those who cherish this expectation do not reckon with the nervous vagaries of the author, and his disposition endlessly to reconsider and reconstruct.

One of the newest books relating to South Africa is Mrs. Roy Devereux's "Side Lights on South Africa," which the Scribners publish. The author is fresh from visits to places in Cape Colony, the Free State, and the Transvaal, and from interviews with Sir Alfred Milner, Cecil Rhodes, "Oom" Paul, and President Steyn.

Moirá O'Neill, whose delightful poems have been greatly appreciated by the readers of this magazine, is an Irish lady, married to an Englishman, who has a large ranch in Canada. She is about to publish a volume of "Songs of the Glens of Antrim." Some readers of *The Living Age* may recall her account of "A Lady's Life on a Rancho," reprinted in *The Living Age* for February 5, 1898, from Blackwood's Magazine.

A curious work is announced by Smith, Elder & Co. It is entitled "Unwritten laws and Ideals of Active Careers," and the announcement indicates that it is a clever series of interviews with distinguished people, in which

they are beguiled into confiding to the public the aims which have governed their conduct and the methods by which they have sought to achieve them. There is room in such a volume for much autobiographical naïveté.

A book peculiarly aimed at woman-kind in general, and setting forth in enthusiastic detail the ideal mission to which women are called, is "True Motherhood," by James C. Fernald. It is pleasing in its earnestness and in the clearness of its intentions, and it offers many thoughts that are of an encouraging and inspiring nature. The Funk & Wagnalls Co. publishes it.

The interest awakened in George Borrow by his recently published biography, and by numerous magazine and review articles based upon it, will ensure a welcome for a complete and authoritative edition of George Borrow's works, which Mr. John Murray announces for early publication. The same publisher announces a new series, the fourth, of Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff's "Notes from a Diary," covering the years 1886-1888.

An interesting addition to psychological literature is made in "The Divine Pedigree of Man," by Thomson Jay Hudson, LL.D., which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. It is an attempt to prove the fatherhood of God from the "scientific" standpoint; to show that the facts of evolution are capable of only a theistic interpretation, and to support the teachings of the Christian faith with very little reliance upon quotations from actual Scripture itself. The book is admirably clear, earnest and reverent.

A searching *exposé* of the havoc wrought by ignorant practitioners of the "Christian Science" school is William A. Purrington's "Christian Sci-

ence: A Plea for Children and Other Helpless Sick," which E. B. Treat & Co. publish. The legal side of the question is fully discussed, extreme care is taken to furnish verifications, to be exact in details, and to give page references for every quotation taken from Mrs. Eddy's writings. While the book is effective as a collection of arguments from facts, it also contains other forcible comments based upon logic and reason.

A wise and skilful blending of history with literature is the characteristic of the "Study of English Thought and Expression," which Silver, Burdett & Co. publish under the title: "The Foundations of English Literature." The author, Fred Lewis Pattee, of the Pennsylvania State College, has sympathetically considered the likings as well as the needs of college and high school students, and his book, while using the best text-book methods, is more readable, consecutive, and entertaining than many of its class. The period covered is that from the Roman domination through the "age of Milton."

The diary of a Rhode Island rector, written in the reign of King George the Second, and now printed from the original manuscript, with all the quaintnesses of the first writing carefully preserved and displayed to the best advantage, should prove of particular interest to antiquarians at least. But "The MacSparran Diary," edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin, and published by D. B. Updike at the Merry-mount Press, Boston, throws such a shrewd and often so unconsciously droll a light upon old-time customs and manners that it is a distinctly entertaining volume for the casual reader as well as the student of history. With its abundance of valuable notes and its reproductions of the Smibert por-

traits of the rector and "his spouse," this ancient "letter-book" merits a cordial welcome.

A publisher's reader, in an interview published in Mr. Unwin's "Chap-Book," defines the true aim of publishers' readers thus:

The publisher's reader's aim should be to let nothing that he holds is good go unpublished. The expenses of delicate and original work, especially of the work of beginners, should be paid out of the sales of the popular and successful works.

That certainly is a very amiable principle; but it is open to doubt whether publishers would agree that it is their duty to use the profits upon successful books in defraying the cost of publishing books that cannot reasonably be expected to succeed. A publisher's reader, holding the views above quoted, would be more likely to be a *persona grata* to writers than to publishers.

A well-considered little volume, full of interest to lovers of poetry as well as to the lovers of art for whom it is especially designed, is "Moments with Art," which A. C. McClurg & Co. publish. The compiler, "J. E. P. D.," has made a really fine selection of the most expressive and the most thoughtful bits of verse that bear upon artistic subjects, and a sound appreciation of what is rare and strong in very recent verse distinguishes the book. Browning, Wordsworth, Dobson, Lang, Watson, Gilder, and scores of other poets qualified to speak with a certain measure of authority, are represented in this dainty book.

American readers who want the most impartial and authoritative presentation of the history of South Africa, as a basis for their own judgment upon the existing situation, will appreciate the service which The Century Company

has rendered in bringing out a new edition of Mr. James Bryce's "Impressions of South Africa," with a new prefatory chapter, summarizing the events which led immediately up to the war. Readers of Mr. Bryce's "The American Commonwealth" do not need to be told how careful he is as an observer, how luminous and forceful as a writer, or how impartial as a critic. All these qualities are exhibited in the present volume. Maps and complete copies of the two conventions of 1881 and 1884 enhance the value of the book. We print elsewhere, by permission, an extract from the prefatory chapter upon the causes of the war.

From Mr. Augustine Birrell's address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, on the question "Is it possible to tell a good book from a bad one?" it would appear that if it is possible, it is at least so difficult that few are likely to achieve it. There is needed, first, a strong understanding; second, some knowledge, the result of study and comparison; and third, a delicate sentiment. People who have some measure of these gifts, and are able besides to avoid prejudice—political prejudice, social prejudice, religious prejudice, irreligious prejudice, the prejudices of the places where they could not help being born, the prejudices of the University whither chance had sent them, all the prejudices that came to them by way of inheritance, and all the prejudices that came to them on their own account,—if they could give all these the slip, then, with luck, they might be right nine times out of ten in their judgment of a dead author, and ought not to be wrong, perhaps, more frequently than three times out of seven in the case of a living author. It would seem from this that the first step to pronouncing a judgment upon a book is to make a rather thorough cross-examination of one's self.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Alps to the Andes, From the. By Matthias Zurbrigen. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Art, Moments with. Compiled by "J. E. P. D." A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Backwater of Life, The. By James Payn. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Chatterton: a Biography. By David Masson. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Clerical Life in Ireland, Real Pictures of. By J. Duncan Craig, D. D. Elliot Stock.
- Climbs of Norman Neruda, The. By May Norman Neruda. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Darwin and Darwinism. By P. Y. Alexander. Bale, Sons & Danielson.
- Eton College, History of. By Lionel Cust. Duckworth & Co.
- Faraday and Schoenbein, The Letters of. Edited by George W. A. Kahlbaum and Francis V. Darbishire. Williams & Norgate.
- Folly and Fresh Air. By Eden Phillpotts. Hurst & Blackett.
- Impressions of South Africa. By James Bryce. The Century Co.
- Kings of Kashmire: a translation of the Sankrita Works of Jonaraja, Shivar, and of Prajyabhata and Shuka. By Jogesh Chunder Dutt. Published by the Author.
- Kipling Primer, A. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Chatto & Windus.
- Literature, English, The Foundations of. By Fred Lewis Pattee. Silver, Burdett & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Loaves and Fishes. By Bessie Reynolds. Elliot Stock.
- London Souvenirs. By C. W. Heckerthorn. Chatto & Windus.
- MacSparran Diary, The. Edited by the Rev. Daniel Goodwin. D. B. Updike. Boston.
- Madame de Longueville, The Life of. By Mrs. Alfred Cock. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Mansions and Highways, Historic, around Boston. By Samuel Adams Drake. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$2.50.
- Memories. By C. Kegan Paul. Kegan Paul.
- Motherhood, True. By James C. Fernald. Funk & Wagnalls Co.
- Old Convict Days. By Louis Becke. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Outside the Radius. W. Pett Ridge. Hodder & Stoughton.
- Painters, French, of the Eighteenth Century. By Lady Dilke. George Bell & Sons.
- Pedigree of Man, Divine, The. By Thomson Jay Hudson, L.L.D. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Poems. By G. F. Bodley. George Bell & Sons.
- Science, Christian. An Exposition. A Plea for Children and Other Helpless Sick. By William A. Purrington. E. B. Treat & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Shropshire, Nooks and Corners of. By H. Thornhill Timmins. Elliot Stock.
- Sport and Life, Fifteen Years of. By W. A. Baillie-Grohman. Horace Cox.
- Sturt, Charles, The Life of. By Mrs. Napier George Sturt. Smith, Elder & Co.
- Talks, A Year's Prayer-meeting. By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price \$1.00.
- Two Renwicks, The. By Marie Agnes Davidson. F. Tennyson Neely.
- Wild Animals in the Zoo, Life Among. Edited by A. D. Bartlett. Chapman & Hall.
- Wimborne Minster and Christchurch Priory. By the Rev. Thomas Perkins. George Bell & Sons.